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RECOLLECTIONS  
AND  
REFLECTIONS

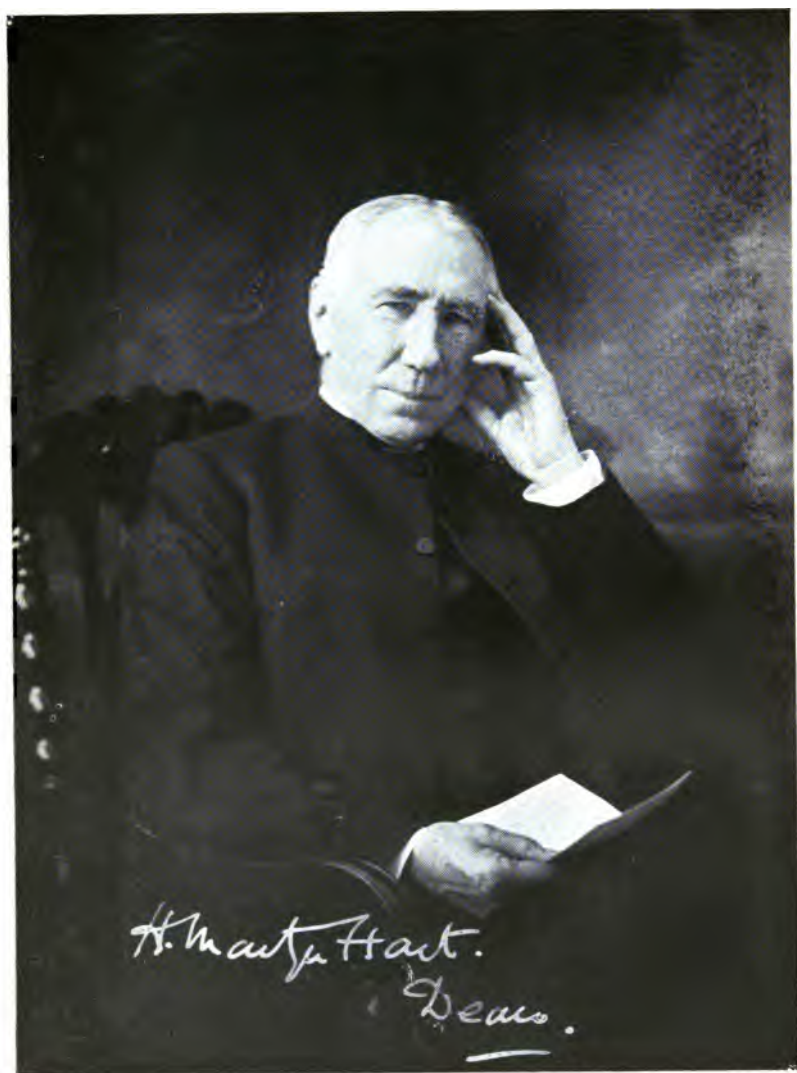


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DE'N HART.

**RECOLLECTIONS  
AND  
REFLECTIONS**



# RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

BY  
HENRY MARTYN HART, D.D., LL.D.

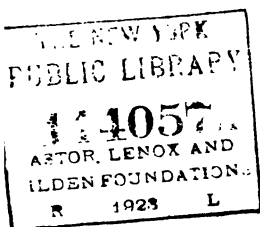
DEAN OF ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL, DENVER, COLO.

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# RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

## CHAPTER I.

### *At the Beginning.*

My father was the vicar of Otley, the principal town in the beautiful vale of the Wharfe. A Scotch doctor had firmly established himself to the almost exclusion of all competitors. Few people run the risk of thwarting a determined and jealous man; and it was with many misgivings that my father consulted a young physician, in a neighboring village, for a growth which had appeared on the leg of my eldest sister.

Dr. Spence was always for heroic treatment. I remember he had his portrait painted with a knife, not even a lancet, in his hand; undoubtedly he would have made, what he called, a free incision, and from the consequences of an open wound, in those days before antiseptic treatment was known and suppuration was supposed to be the natural process of healing, my father so shrank, that he braved the old doctor's sure wrath and called in the younger man who was au fait with the newer methods of absorption. The result amply justified the risk, although, as the sequel will show, that risk was far greater than the vicarage anticipated.

We all have the tendency to argue from our own point of view, and naturally suppose that other people will act as we would, similarly placed. My father was the kindest and most consecrated of men, and he supposed his friend, the doctor,

would be amenable to reason, and when he saw the result of his competitor's treatment he would condone his offense and return to amicable relations. But he had underrated the virus of that jealousy, which Milton well styled, "the first begotten of hell."

It was my first contact with this bane of prominent life, and no small portion of these reminiscences will deal with the ramifications of the poisonous roots of jealousy.

It was useless to attack the vicar by a frontal assault, so he made a flank movement, which, if successful, would give my father more work and a certain amount of distress, and by this move he would also gratify a private grudge at an intruding competitor.

We had in our town another Scotch doctor who was "grievously afflicted with the palsy," Dr. Carfrae; his limbs were all but useless, but his head was untouched. As is usual, it is the ministers of religion to whom the non-religious turn in their hour of need, and Dr. Carfrae was dependent mainly upon my father for eking out a moderate existence. The vicar established him in a little surgery opening on the market-place, and filled the shelves with the stock-in-trade of a country doctor; for in those days the doctors sold their medicines and thus collected their revenue. At the opening of the year the farmers would be appealed to through small hand-bills, headed with the suggestive couplet—

"A little physic in the spring,  
Is good for peasant and for king."  
Go to Dr. Carfrae, etc.

Like others of his calling, the vicar looked about him far and wide for sources from which he could draw resources. He had managed to induce a medical relief association to vote a small pension to the disabled doctor, and the vicar had collected enough to buy a bath-chair, in which his crippled protege was wheeled about, "to take the air."

Suddenly this pension money did not arrive. The vicar set

about to find the reason. Finally the secretary of the society disclosed the fact that they had been informed by Dr. Spence, that Dr. Carfrae "had set up his carriage" and they very properly did not consider him a fitting subject for their benevolence. When they found that "the carriage" was a bath-chair pushed by a boy, they not only restored the pension, but they increased it.

This transaction, and my father's gentle comments on it, made a deep impression on me, and did me great service, for I became steeled against any surprise, and I was quite aware that the most despicable devices would be resorted to by any man afflicted by jealousy, bent on mischief. I was thus forewarned when, in after years, I had an ample experience of the same kind.

While my father's memory is still in the foreground, let me chronicle another deduction from his life that has constantly been present with me, and which I have on every occasion sought to impress upon young clergymen for their guidance and stimulation.

Frederick Harrison once wrote that the only after-life we should enjoy would be the memory of us cherished by our friends. If that were true, then the after-life of most people would be of very short duration.

I revisited Otley sixteen years after my father had been laid to rest; I saw his photos still exhibited in the shop windows; I found one of the ancients, an old woman who earned five shillings a week by weeding, and who had saved two pounds to buy an enlarged photograph of the old vicar, to which she pointed with pride and affection; and in 1915 they sent me the local paper which contained a long reference to him on the fiftieth anniversary of his death.

Now, how did he thus imbed himself deep down into the affection of his people? He was not what I should call a forceful man; he had done little or nothing to improve the town materially; he had a very moderate income, the living was

worth under three hundred pounds a year, and there were seven of us children; he had a genuinely artistic nature which ever guided him to do the tactful and wished-for thing. If he had been trained he would have been a distinguished tenor; he seemed not to have had any literary turn, or, at any rate, no occasion educed it. Although he was a most acceptable platform speaker, he was not a powerful preacher. He was a charming and attractive preacher, and ever had in mind the edifying of his hearers, and as he used to say, "There should be in every sermon enough of the message of salvation that a casual hearer might lay hold on for eternal life." Then what was the secret of his remarkable power? The answer is, his genuine piety.

I do not know a more valuable deduction from a remarkable and distinct effect. We all desire power; to acquire influence is the real incentive of most men's energy. And this desideratum is within the reach of every one. We all have not capability, or mental calibre, or position, or wealth, but piety is within the reach of all. It is accepting and continually living the dictates of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I never saw even an unpleasant expression flit across his face; much less did I ever hear a hasty, not to say an angry, word escape his lips. He was uniformly cheerful, "rejoicing in the Lord always." His was the first voice, singing some hymn or chanting some psalm at six-thirty every morning. We had no comfortable bathrooms. He took a cold bath in a back kitchen with a flag floor, which, I have no doubt, contributed to his early death at sixty-six. It is unnatural to shock the system by a douche of cold water after a night in a warm bed. He then had a short thanksgiving in his study, and, after dressing, returned for reading and more deliberate prayer. Every morning he gave to his sermon, and visited in the afternoon. But, and herein lay his power, he went into the church, across the churchyard, and he there reviewed the persons he intended to

visit, and asked, doubtless, for "the word in season," according to the needs of each.

Now, it is quite within the capability of every clergyman to adopt this simple scheme of pastoral life, and its persistent doing will insure the success which attended the ministry of the vicar of Otley.

I have been in close touch with educational processes for more than half a century, but I never knew the machine worked more persistently, and at a higher pressure, than when, as a boy, I was submitted to its grind.

When a crop of boys was coming into notice, being of "the best families," the education proffered in what were called National Schools, was not considered of the proper quality, Dr. Spence proposed that a Scotch school master should be imported to educate the youth of the town.

They secured a really remarkable man. He was a young man of some twenty-five winters. He must have "borne the yoke in his youth," for he was well and accurately grounded in almost any subject you could name. He was profound nowhere, but what he knew was accurate, and his working force was phenomenal. He saw no reason why every boy should not be as proficient as himself and that every boy should not thirst after knowledge and be as keen in its pursuit as he had been.

He brought with him an instrument of torture called in Scotland, the Taws—a strip of thick leather some two feet long; half of its length was cut into five strips, which were burned hard at the ends. With this strap he liberally administered "palmies." The culprit was commanded to hold out his hand and he thereupon received a well directed blow, which inflicted exquisite pain, but neither marked the flesh or so bruised the hand that it became temporarily useless. With this instrument of torture he mercilessly drove his herd of boys, thirty or forty of them, at a quick pace on the road to knowledge. We had small breathing time; one half holiday on Saturday, a fort-

night at Christmas and four weeks in summer was all the respite we got. We had ten or twelve lessons to "get" every night. No one ever studied a lesson in school, and yet such was his capability of device that every boy was kept hard at work all day.

There can be no question but that he impressed on all his scholars the habit of work. A couple of years ago I accidentally discovered that he was still alive, retired in a seaport village on the South Devon coast, the very place I should have expected his practical sense would have led him to end in a soft and gentle climate his declining years. I wrote to him, and he described my letter as a resurrection from the dead. He was over ninety, and his mind was as vigorous as ever.

The reason I narrate all this is what at first sight appears remarkable. In that West Riding town there must have been a hundred boys inured to hard mental work and accurately grounded in all elementary subjects, and yet, as far as I know, only three of them have at all come to the front. This is a proof that success is not wholly dependent on the capability for work. Carlyle's definition of genius, "an infinite capacity for taking pains," needs some modification, for if that system of intensive education had produced geniuses they must have been heard of.

For myself, I am thankful for the experience, because it has impressed upon me the necessity of being employed; I must be occupied, and if absolutely without engagement I lie down and go to sleep.

## CHAPTER II.

### *Apparent Trifles.*

It must be ordained of God that, "it is not in man to direct his steps," and that "the casting of the lot into the lap" is not chance; that every man who examines the incidents of his life must conclude that the trivialities which lead to the chief occasions of his life were of such a nature as to be altogether beyond his own control or devisement. The bend in the path of my life which took me to Blackheath was certainly the most important turn in my affairs, and it was the merest straw which determined the direction.

I had gained some mathematical and scientific honors at the University of Dublin, which had secured for me the chief mathematical assistantship in a cramming establishment on Brixton Hill, "Cramming" was a rather invidious term which used to be applied to places where young men were prepared for the army and Indian civil service examinations.

But cramming was by no means a spasmodic and superficial acquirement of answering certain questions. It rather referred to the great amount of work which had to be condensed into a certain short period.

One night one of the masters asked me if I would take for him his study duty. It so happened that day that the head master had left the advertisement sheet of the *Times* on his desk, and my presence only being needed to give an occasional help, I occupied my leisure casually looking at the advertisements.

There was one from the mathematical master of the Blackheath Preparatory School. He sought a certain kind of assist-

ance which would leave me at liberty most of the day. I wrote a letter, and at this distance of time I forget what I said, but that advertisement produced fifty replies, and because of one sentence in my letter I obtained the situation.

I remained at Blackheath; became the head master for seventeen years of a preparatory school; married the sister-in-law of Professor Drew, my senior; became incumbent of S. German's chapel, and left Blackheath for Denver in 1879. And all this followed upon the merest triviality, the accident of an accident.

I remember Disraeli, in his novel "Lothair," which contains many of the deductions of his own wonderful career, says, that a man can always attain what he aspires to, provided that he genuinely loves the position; which, of course, means to say, that there is a something in his constitution and make-up which eminently fits him for the responsibilities of that position.

But I believe that God guides by what may be called, The Hedging Providences of Life. It is perfectly possible by perseverance and determination to kick open a closed door, but it is dangerous. Better touch the door, and if it does not open of its own accord no angel guides the way. And the rod of the good Shepherd gives a gentle touch, the guiding voice by which He speaks is the "still, small voice." You need an attentive ear to catch its accents.



## CHAPTER III.

### *The Way of Life.*

I used to have a Saxon proverb pinned over my desk, "Do ye next thinge" without regard to any possible effect, whether it would be beneficial to one's position or pocket; helpfulness brings its own reward.

I have always had reason to believe in the power of littles; that with God there can be no great and small; that if He took more interest in what appear to us things of great import than He does in the merest trifles, He would do one thing more perfectly than another which with God would be impossible.

If of "every purposeless" word we are to give account, how microscopic must be his observation; and how impossible it is to admit that the thousand and one items which fill in the interstices of life are not of His arrangement. Therefore, "despise not the day of small things." "Commit thy way unto the Lord" and "go softly."

This care of small things is, of course, most prominent in the use of money. It is an inestimable advantage to me that I lived in an atmosphere of care. The living at Otley was a vicarage. A vicar is a person who is doing a vicarious service for another. In an ecclesiastical connection the vicar is the person who does "the duty" for the Lay-rector.

A rector is the owner of the Great Tithes; often he is a layman, and, therefore, to provide for the spiritual oversight of the parish he must employ a priest, who becomes his vicar. When Henry VIII disendowed the Abbeys he found S. Mary's Abbey at York held the tithes of the parish of Otley.

The monks sent a priest to serve the parish, and they gave him the option whether he should collect the tithes of his cure or whether the Abbey should pay him twenty marks a year and send their own collector to gather in the tithes.

The priest elected to take twenty marks. So when the king bestowed upon one of his court the tithes of Otley, it was upon condition that the holder of the tithes should pay the vicar of Otley twenty marks (£13 6s. 8d.) a year.

Of course, as more land came under cultivation and the population increased more tithes were collectable. The tithes becoming property descended with the family estates, and were often disposed of like any other piece of property.

In my father's time a London firm of lawyers owned the Great Tithes. What they were then worth I do not know, but the twenty marks had retained their nominal value, while the tithes had vastly increased, and to this day the vicar of Otley has paid to him £13 6s. 8d., while his lay-rector, whose duty he is performing, takes the lion's share.

It is this adjustment of the rights of the Church which is one of the great difficulties in the way of disendowment. So it came to pass that the important parish of Otley, which was comprised of several townships, provided its vicar with an income of less than three hundred pounds a year which came from the lesser tithes which had accrued since Henry the VIII's time.

For when a piece of common land was brought under cultivation it was subjected to tithing, and the farmer gave a tenth of all he gathered to the Church. I well remember in my boyhood the tithe barn was still standing. In 1848 Lord John Russell's ministry passed the Tithe Commutation Act; by which the tithe was converted into a rent charge depending upon the current price of wheat.

This payment of the priest in kind, explains the meaning of the rubric, which directs that for the Communion he shall



THE REV. JOSIUA HART, 27 YEARS VICAR OF OTLEY.



OTLEY CHURCH AND THE VICARAGE.



select out of the tithe offerings as much bread and wine as he deems fit for the Service and place it upon the Holy Table.

The table upon which the tithings were placed was called, and is still, the Credence Table, which carries a sad and shameful memory. It was not an uncommon offense in Italy for a malicious official to poison the wine, which the priest would drink at the mass. Therefore he appointed a trusty person to taste it before it was placed upon the altar, and so he came to believe, credere, that he might drink it with confidence.

So it came to pass that of necessity an atmosphere of carefulness pervaded the vicarage.

My father was a Londoner, and could not comprehend the general niggardliness which characterized the Yorkshire people of that day. I remember a mill owner, Yaddy Hartley, objecting to my pony nibbling the grass along an old Roman road which ran on the top of the Chevin, and which belonged to the flour man, because he said "the lambs might pick it up as they went along."

There was a rich maiden lady who proffered her services as my godmother. The sole advantage I gained from that honor was she once gave me half a sovereign. Contrast her stinginess with a lady I know in Colorado who has put thirty-four young men through college and keeps in touch with all of them.

Nevertheless, "the wrath of man praises Thee," the covetousness of my godmother deterred her from putting me through college; but it was for my vast benefit that I got my degree through my own exertions.

It has been of inestimable value to the building up of the English character that every square foot of the island is in the parish of some clergyman, who is sure to be a gentleman with a university degree; for in my day it was almost an impossibility for a man to be ordained unless he had a degree.

For the country folk to have living among them a gentleman and his family was an education; and to hear Sunday after

Sunday the splendid diction of the Book of Common Prayer and large portions of the English classic, the Authorized Version of the Bible, imperceptibly accustomed the ear to the best form of the language.

If ever the Church is disendowed, and the maintenance of the clergy is thrown upon the parishioners, the Church in the country places cannot be supported, and the tone of the character of the people will of a surety be lowered.

I met at the Bishop of London's Archbishop Alexander and I asked him, now there had elapsed several years since the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, what was his opinion of that radical chance. He replied, without hesitancy, "I say it is an unmitigated evil."

It may be the general rise in prices and the curtailing of English farming in virtue of the over-sea competition with wheat from the virgin soil of the Northwest, Canada and of Argentina, and the consequent reduction of tithes which has brought great hardship to many a clergyman's family. All this may be a salutary preparation for the disendowment of the English Church in compelling the clergy to cast about them to gain their support from other sources, primarily from the people who profit by their ministrations.

This is as it should be. If the clergyman were paid in proportion to his value to the community, this would act as a perpetual incentive against that laziness and indifference which is the bane of the country clergyman. We all are human and all need stimulating to do our duty effectively.

This atmosphere of carefulness naturally induced a habit that has proved to me to be a great saver of time and money. Not having money to spend upon tobacco was probably the main reason why I never smoked. I am willing, of course, to admit that four hundred millions of the human race must find pleasure in smoking; but, nevertheless, I question if the benefit equals the expenditure.

One of our clergy in Colorado smoked forty-two cigars in a day, and thinking that he was smoking too much he had the sense to stop altogether. When I was a young clergyman it was considered almost wicked to smoke, and many a university man, the night before he was ordained, threw his briar into the fire, and I have often seen one or two daring spirits leave a clericus and go down into the cellar of the house and enjoy a pipe.

An Episcopal friend of mine, whom the Queen often used to command to Windsor to preach before her, was very fond of his cigar, and one Sunday night he put his head out of his bedroom window and puffed away. Her majesty smelled him, and sent an equerry to say, if the bishop wished to smoke he would be shown a room in the distant recesses of the palace.

Bishop Grafton, who was an Englishman, came over to this country strongly prejudiced against the clerical use of tobacco. On becoming a member of the House of Bishops, he proposed a resolution forbidding the bishops to indulge. Bishop Wilmer, who was a well known humorist, turned round to a neighbor as the proposition was being offered, and asked, "Who's that?" When told it was the Bishop of Fond du Lac, he turned abruptly on his seat, with, "fond of milk."

Things, however, began to change before I left London. One of the great London tobacconists lived next door to my church in Blackheath. He used to say to me, "Parson, if you'll smoke I'll find the 'bacca." To which I generally replied, "If I could get a ton a week out of you I would begin." For it would teach him a lesson in giving, of which he was sorely in need.

Another piece of economy which I can trace to a habit acquired at the vicarage, was the strong disinclination which possessed me of spending money on my own gratification, or for what people call amusements. I could very well do without theatrical entertainments, and when I became a young clergyman of the evangelical school I, of course, looked upon the

theatre as a very distinctive agent of the World which I was urging my congregation to eschew. As the years advanced my record, that I had never seen a play in a theatre, became a valuable asset in influencing younger men to abstain from that temptation, for no one could say that I was straight-laced or of a fanatical temperament.

The strongest argument against the influence of the Play seemed to me, from an outside observation, that the feelings excited by the performance led to no concomitant action. Women would tell me that they had wept copiously, but apparently it had resulted in no change of habit, or desire to alleviate suffering, plenty of which lay close to their hand. Feelings are given to us as incentives to action, and if feelings are evoked which produce no effect in actual life, it is plain there must be spiritual waste, which cannot but be deleterious to effective character building.

And when I came to Denver, where I was once hissed in church for some trenchant remarks that I had made about a Shrove Tuesday masked ball, if I had been seen at the theatre the newspaper next morning would have displayed me in a cartoon with a ballet girl on each knee, and a bottle of wine between us!

I am very well aware that never having seen a play acted I have denied myself a certain uplift I might have profited by, but I once was asked to meet the president of the Dramatic League, a society which sends round to its members a recommendation of what plays are worth seeing, and I asked the president what percentage they recommended. He replied, "Fourteen." If, therefore, I had been in search of improvement, the little I should have obtained would have been wholly submerged by the preponderance of rubbish I must have paid for.



## CHAPTER IV.

### *Western Life.*

In Denver we have a State and a city law which forbids any exhibition on Sunday. In 1893 one or two second class theatres began to defy the law. Believing that it is injurious to the stamina of a community to permit a law to be persistently broken with impunity, I said, as long as the law is on the statute book every right minded citizen ought to see to its observance. I therefore brought action against one of the theatres. Of course, a press, which exists only for its own benefit, derided my attempt, lampooned my witnesses, and generally stirred up opposition. The following Sunday, the police, in order to make my attempt unpopular, raided a German concert, arrested the orchestra and took them all to the City Hall. Of course, a mob gathered, and somebody shouted, "to Dean Hart's." I heard the sound of many voices coming up the street, and suspecting their intent, I had the blinds of the Deanery drawn down and the lights lowered. The mob gathered outside the garden pailings, none of them being brave enough to come to close quarters; some boys threw stones at the windows, but a solitary policeman was sufficient to drive them away. He then came to the side door and asked if he could do anything else. As it was then supper time I told him to go into the kitchen and regale himself, which, of course, he did, and the mob dispersed.

The news of this really ridiculous emeute spread like wild-fire through the country. The Associated Press agent sent exaggerated reports to the East, for which he was afterwards

discharged. I refer to this episode chiefly to illustrate the hopeless unreliability of the press. The newspaper is the only medium through which we gather news, but how inefficient and inaccurate are the statements they give us, we never know unless we have first hand information. I gathered together a score of Eastern papers which presented their readers with account of this riot. Here is what some of them said:

"Denver has a genuine riot," says a special to the *New York World*; "at this hour, 11 p. m., seventy-five police are attempting to disperse 2,000 excited citizens \* \* \* who have attacked the residence of Dean Hart, of Trinity Episcopal Church." *New York Evening Telegram*: "The instigator of the raid upon all the theatres in the city." *New York Evening Sun*: "The Dean is an Englishman, refuses to become naturalized, and boasts of it; for the past two months he has agitated the closing of Sunday places of amusement; he has been severe in his criticisms and has spared none." The *Chicago Herald*: "The citizens are so much in favor of running places of Sunday amusement that the people, to the number of 2,000, marched to the Dean's residence and would probably have razed it to the ground had not the authorities interfered." The *Brooklyn Eagle*: "The Dean had been advised that the crowd was coming and had barely time to escape by means of a convenient back door and the aid of a fast horse." The *New York Evening Sun*: "Which bore him to the forest." The *San Francisco Chronicle*: "This mode of escape, however, there is some doubt about." The *New York World* had a telegram: "At 10:30 o'clock tonight a cab drove swiftly up, a guard of police formed about the door and the Dean (leaving his wife and sick daughter behind him) hastily made his way to the vehicle. Two policemen got inside and one on the box and away the carriage rattled in the darkness." Be this as it may, the *New York Tribune* says: "That the way of escape of the minister only served to anger the mob. 'Into the yard!' some one shouted. The mob

moved against the fence; it gave way like so much paper. A murmur was followed by a yell, and a shower of stones was sent through the windows. The porches were mounted, and in a few moments a riot was in progress."

It must have been at this juncture, that, according to the *Western Christian Advocate* of Cincinnati: "They battered in the house, destroying his furniture, frightened his sick daughter well-nigh to death." The reader, however, will be greatly relieved by the *New York Evening Post*: "That at this moment patrol wagons from the First and Second Division stations arrived. Men were knocked down by the horses, and then the police, clubs in hand, beat the mob back and drove the people out of the hallway." The *New York Tribune* continues: "After a sharp but desperate struggle the police forced the angry men back. Revolvers were drawn." "Many," says the pink *Evening Telegram*, "were injured in the head. Black eyes were numerous, and the blood from the pounding and scratching flowed freely." However, according to the *Chicago Herald*: "The sight of the determined bluecoats, prepared to resist to the last, subdued the mob. They shrank back, muttering and cursing the police." The *New York World* adds: "The Dean is now stowed away in the home of one of his parishioners." While the *Living Church* very properly hopes "that the leaders of this murderous assault will be promptly and severely dealt with." The *Churchman* seems inclined to have me canonized and for the future would certainly deem me nothing less than a "confessor."

It is seldom we have so good an opportunity of judging of the actual value of newspaper reports. No doubt if we were equally familiar with the details of every narrative, we should find every one far from the truth. The *Republican* was indignant at the senders of the false reports; but it opened its tirade with a deliberate falsehood, that the reports emanated from its rival, the *News*. Why did it not discover the actual perpetrator and have him punished? But, alas! the reason for its wrath is,

not that truth has been defamed, but that, forsooth, the character of the city may be injured, and the flow hither of men and money checked. It does not reckon its own vast transgressions, decoying here by endless inflation unsuspecting people, leaving us ministers to take care of not a few of them. The true way to help our city to achieve a lasting and valuable character, is to write with dignity, accuracy and unflinching morality; to scrupulously uphold the law, and unwearingly defend the oppressed and the wronged. The account it gave of the disturbance was not to its credit, and it never raised a note of censure. The *News*, although it produced an admirable article on Sunday amusements, still headed a column with "Indignation" in big type. Indignation for what? Because certain good citizens attempted to make certain bad citizens keep the law. Because some of the best people in the city desired to see a law still observed which two second class theatres had been intent on breaking only during the last year. Surely it was the citizens who had a right to be indignant and not the transgressors.

The whole episode, indeed, redounds little to the credit of the newspaper fraternity. It would seem that the chief room in their synagogue had been appropriated by Mr. Peck's bad boy.

## CHAPTER V.

### *Unseen Agents.*

Blackheath, being in the neighborhood of Woolwich, the West Point of England, was a favorite location for "Crammers," as those gentlemen were called who prepared young men to pass the Army examinations. There was one on my side the Heath and another about a mile away on the other side.

One morning, my friend, Mr. Clayton, who lived a few doors from me, came hurriedly into my study, and said: "A dreadful thing has happened. We found Sanderson, who was evidently just getting up, with his legs still upon his bed and his body upon the floor with his neck so bent that he had choked to death."

At exactly the same time exactly the same accident had happened to one of the pupils at the establishment on the other side of the Heath, but he had been discovered before his life had been extinguished. Why should it not be believed that one of the minions of Satan, to whom the Lord Himself ascribed the power of death, bent on mischief, had caused in his passage through the neighborhood, those two young men to do the same thing at the same time.

I sometimes wonder if material things, especially machines, are not used by our temptors to try our patience.

The organ in our old Cathedral was blown by a water-motor. I often used to think a demon possessed it, for occasionally for no assignable reason, it refused to work. I have often stayed with it far into the night, adjusting and readjusting its valves so that the organ might be of service next day.

And finding me imperturbable, suddenly the machine would go, as if an adverse hand had been lifted from its throttle.

I especially remember on one Easter Sunday, when it is a deep-rooted American conviction that to save one's soul you must appear in the church, in the middle of the *Te Deum* the organist said to me, "There is no wind, sir." With all the dignity I could muster, I left my stall, but the moment I passed the vestry door gathering up my vestments I was soon down in the motor room, and finding a monkey-wrench lying on the floor, I threw it at the motor, saying: "What? And on Easter Sunday, too." And the motor went on regularly through the rest of the service. And I was back in time to read the lesson apparently unruffled.

On one of my visits to England I spent some weeks in Wharfedale, and one of the squires of the valley, Mr. Whittaker, of Greenholm, told me of this singular peculiarity about a gun. Now, if the same thing happens twice, or even three times, it might be called a coincidence, but if an extraordinary occurrence happens four or five times, some other theory must be found to account for it.

A Mr. Dawson, of Weston Hall, gave a gun to Mr. Wilson, the Vicar of Addingham. He was out with a shooting party one day and shooting behind him he hit one of the beaters picking up a rabbit, putting out his left eye.

Disgusted at his carelessness he gave the gun to a neighbor; this gentleman, with the gun, accidentally shot out Mr. Crabtree's left eye, who was Mr. Wilson's father-in-law. Convinced that some ill luck was associated with that gun he gave it to one of the keepers. Shortly afterwards there was another shooting party on the estate. One of the gentlemen was very careful in keeping corks in his gun barrels, but he forgot to remove them and burst his gun.

The keeper was sent to his house for another, and the messenger returned with the ill-starred gun, and incredible as it may

appear, he during the day accidentally shot out Mr. Wilson's left eye. It is difficult to believe that a spirit of mischief had not had some handling of that gun.

I should think that many an auto driver could supply instances where the erratic behaviour of his machine could not well be accounted for by any other supposition.

All this may seem extravagant and worse, but if we believe and pray that God's Holy Spirit may cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by supplying us with good thoughts to the exclusion of evil thoughts and seeing the extraordinary power of mind over matter, why should we not credit good and bad actions done through the body to the spiritual agencies which influence the mind.

For, after all, the mind, which appears to be the active principle of soul, is probably the artificer of the body. It was a brilliant adventure of Spencer.

"For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,

For soule is forme and doth the bodie make."

Medical practice which undertakes the preservation of the body, a century ago had run completely into materialism. For one of those unexplainable reasons which influence the trend of the thoughts of a generation, a revolution against materialism began to gather head.

Homeopathy made its appearance, and shortly afterwards Christian Science carried the red flag of opposition against the doctors beyond the confines of reasonableness. In consequence of this change of face, many minds were turned to investigate Psychic force, and although Psychotherapy has not yet been reduced to anything like an exact science, still Suggestion is very widely used by knowledgeable physicians, and with astonishing results.

The personal equation occupies such a prominent position in treatment by Suggestion that its successful use must always

remain in the hands of specialists; and for this reason it can never be used with assured certainty.

Operations have been painlessly performed on Mesmerized subjects; but owing to the irregularity of its action Mesmerism has not as yet found any definite place in surgical science. Mesmerism appears to be an artificial means of so completely occupying the sub-conscious self, the under-mind, with an idea, that the mind is unable to take cognizance of any other sensations presented to it.

This probably is the working of the natural law which causes animals to be apparently free from pain when being preyed upon. A mouse in the mouth of a cat never struggles. Many instances are recorded of men seized by wild beasts being at the time unconscious of pain.

Lieutenant General Brownlow told me, that he was hunting with a brother officer in an Indian jungle, when a tiger sprang upon his friend, who was just in advance. The shot with which he met the tiger's charge, broke his lower jaw. In the impetus of the spring the tiger cleared the first officer, and with his mangled mouth seized the hand of Captain Brownlow, which to this day is crippled.

The General said he felt no pain, only as if he had been struck, and the uppermost thought which occupied his mind as the tiger had its paws on his shoulders, was, "What an exceedingly ugly brute you are."

A similar instance was told me by Major Sheppard. His regiment was encamped near a village which was molested by a man-eating tiger. The natives sent to the officers to rid them of their terror. As is usual, a small platform was erected in the tree in the sight of the remains of a cow which the tiger had killed the night before.

When the tiger came to finish his repast the Major severely wounded him and he sprang with an angry growl toward some rocks. After waiting a considerable time the Major descended



from the tree and very foolishly went to find the tiger, who pounced upon him with the agility of a cat upon a mouse, and dragged him off by the shoulder. Dropping him for a moment, he took a firmer and more balanced hold lower down, crunching several of his ribs, and so carried him off.

But it was the last effort of the tiger's life, and he dropped dead. The Major's shoulder blade and some of his ribs were broken, and he came to London to undergo an operation which he hoped would restore the use of his arm.

A day or two after his arrival he dined with me and he told me that, as the tiger was carrying him away, he felt no pain and the only thought which occupied his mind was, "I wonder at which end he will begin to eat me."

This extraordinary capability of the mind for detaching itself even from the most pressing demands upon its attention is the characteristic upon which it is possible for "Suggestion" to act. It is this psychic action to which cures, which lie outside usual medical practice, are to be ascribed.

In all tribes and peoples there have been found all sorts of men and places with curative powers from the Witch doctor of the African savage to the Monarch Touching for the King's evil.

The great temples of the ancient world were all centres of curative reputation. Plutarch relates that the fame of the Temple of Serapis in North Egypt was world-wide. The canals leading there were thronged with boats, festooned with flowers bringing away people who had been healed.

In our day the same wonder-working has been notorious at Lourdes. Every year "The White Train," filled with invalids, attended by ladies of the highest rank, passed through France to the Well where two children declared they had seen the Blessed Virgin. And all the cures of the devout are ascribed to her direct influence.

Since Mon. Lazarre brought Lourdes into fame, Christian Science has presented itself as a curing cult, and has spread

with phenomenal growth. Its popularity is due to the daring assertion of its founder, Mrs. Eddy, that it has been given to her to produce a key which unlocks the Scriptures to the modern world.

She declares it is a prerogative of Christianity to heal sickness. She established a school of healing which in reality teaches a method of hypnotism. The mind is soothed by a repetition of senseless phrases and the hypnotic state is insensibly produced just as was the case by the passes of the Mesmerists years ago.

Then the Suggestion is supplied by which the cure is effected. Now inasmuch as this process is within the reach of anybody and not only gives distinction to a great many otherwise mediocre people but also brings emolument easily, the cult has rapidly spread.

What cures are wrought are effected by hypnotic suggestion which is the curative force of all such popular healings. Christian Science is a recrudescence of Pantheism. Its fundamental assertion is that God is All. Now the Pantheist must deal with what we call Evil in one of two ways.

He must either, with the Hindu, credit God with being the author of evil and a party to its existence, or he must assert, as the Christian Scientist does, that Evil has no actual existence but is a deception practised upon us by what Mrs. Eddy calls, "Mortal Mind." The result of the Hindu theory that God is a party to the practice of evil is, that that country is soaked with immorality, for the morality of no nation can be higher than of the God it worships.

When Lord Northbrook was the Governor General of India he attempted to carry out a law for the repression of indecency and he was compelled to make an exception in favor of the Temples. For to have abolished indecency from these sacred places would have been to have driven the gods from their abodes and to have suppressed public worship.

The Christian Scientists, professing to take the Bible for

their authority, are compelled either to divert or suppress its plainest statements. In asserting healing the sick is one of the prerogatives of Christianity they shut their eyes to the fact that our Lord lived twenty-eight years in Nazareth without doing any remarkable work. In that time Joseph must have sickened and died, and almost a whole generation of inhabitants must have passed away.

His works are entirely connected with His public ministry, and as He Himself often declared these "Signs" were presented by Himself and His followers as credentials of their authority to declare the Forgiveness of sins by the death and sacrifice of the Saviour of the world.

And, as if to rebuke this very cult, the first "Sign," a sign being an action which conveys intelligence, was not a healing of the sick at all but the turning of one hundred twenty gallons of water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee.

It has been found, wherever careful tabulation was possible, that the proportion of the cures effected by all these means is five per cent. In the case of Christian Science this would certainly hold true if a register of all the attempted cures were kept. If this proportion is at all correct it would mean that five per cent. of all the diseases, to which our flesh is heir, is due to nerval derangement which Suggestion is capable of restoring to its normal condition.

This proportion received a remarkable corroboration from Scatter. This man was a mystic and unlike Christian Science healers he refused to receive money for what he professed "The Father did through him." He stood in the yard of Alderman Fox and a crowd of applicants passed in front of the gate.

The enthusiasm of the crowd was, of course, one of the conditions of the cures; when the crowds waned the cures failed, and Scatter disappeared. Alderman Fox kept a rough estimate of the cures effected and he found it was the usual five per cent.

One of his most extraordinary cures came under my per-

sonal observation. A young man, who was brought up in the Cathedral, had nerval dyspepsia. In spite of our best medical skill he gradually grew worse until finally a drink of milk produced convulsions. And the simplest of all human nourishment had to be taken from him with the stomach-pump, without a shadow of a doubt he must have died within 10 days—when Sclatter appeared.

He stood with the expecting crowd awaiting his turn. The healer looked at him with his dreamy mystical gaze, squeezed his hand and said, "The Father says you are well, go and eat." He went downtown and ate a lunch of canned salmon without the slightest inconvenience; he was completely cured.

The fact that Christian Science denies the need of a Saviour; asserts that Jesus disappeared at the Ascension; declares that "to pray to a personal God is a hindrance" and that "the Holy Ghost is Divine Science," puts it beyond the pale of any conception of the doctrine of Jesus; and justifies the popular conundrum, "Why is Christian Science like a guinea-pig?" "Because a guinea-pig is neither a guinea nor a pig and Christian Science is neither Christian nor Science."



**MONTPELIER HOUSE—OUR BLACKHEATH RESIDENCE.**



**TAKEN IN OUR GARDEN AT BLACKHEATH ON LEAVING FOR DENVER.**



## CHAPTER VI.

### *Reminiscences Philanthropic.*

Blackheath was fifty years ago a favorite suburb of London where a number of London merchants resided, thence going backward and forward by numerous morning and evening trains. The horde of beggars who solicited alms of the gentlemen returning home became such a nuisance that I devised a plan which was so efficacious that every beggar departed from our neighborhood in a week. One neighboring township after another was compelled in self-defence to adopt the same plan.

The great Lord Shaftesbury had spent his life in social service in the East End but he had died leaving no successor. Nevertheless, being dead he yet spoke, and the echoes of social service were reverberating. If this had not been so it is quite possible that the organization of charity might have been delayed for some time.

The Blackheath Mendicity Society was simple in its operation and singularly effective. I printed paper sheets of perforated tickets about the size of two or three postage stamps. The name and address of the Society's office with an intimation that all worthy applicants would be helped was all that the ticket contained.

Every house in Blackheath was supplied with a sheet of tickets, and the neighborhood placarded, that, no money should be given to beggars but a Mendicity Ticket.

Suddenly the whole tribe of professional beggars found themselves amply supplied with tickets which were of no value other than being an introduction to the Society's officer. When

the applicant presented the ticket, the officer asked him his address and, if he had applied for parish relief in his district. If not, why not?

All this was entered upon a printed slip which was placed in an envelope directed to the relieving officer of that district. It is needless to say that generally all kinds of dodges were adopted to avoid its presentation.

The applicant often professed he was merely a working man passing through Blackheath going to Chatham or some other centre of labor; in that case the officer presented him with a third-class ticket and saw him on the train. If he had not broken his fast that day he was presented with a new loaf of bread and was referred to the pump for a drink.

Very rarely an actual case of destitution was discovered. Then such were the ample funds of the Society that substantial relief was afforded. The value of this proceeding is apparent; it unified the neighborhood; there were no rents in the net out of which the fish might escape; it brought into requisition the agencies the law had devised for dealing with poverty and moreover it supervised the action of the poor law officer which was, occasionally, overbearing and harsh.

After this plan had been in action two or three weeks it was surprisingly successful. I wrote a letter on January 9, 1869, to the *Times* and that great paper did me the honor of writing a leading article upon the value of my philanthropic experiment which concluded, "The proposal is, so far as it extends, systematic and complete. It admits of indefinite extension and while moderating in proper cases the inevitable harshness of the Poor Laws, it increases their general efficacy."

This immediately attracted wide attention. Lord Litchfield, who had been shocked into action by a genuine working man, who passing through his village, had been unable to obtain relief and had actually died of starvation at his park-gates, immediately took an interest.



The practical nature of the Blackheath experiment securing as it did the co-operation of all philanthropic agents, both public and private, and its prevention of the overlapping of charity at once appealed to his Lordship.

After some preliminary consultation Lord Litchfield, a barrister, Mr. Wilkinson, Dr. Hawkesley and myself met in a room in Buckingham Street, which was the office of the association for the prevention of pauperism and crime and inaugurated "The Charity Organization Society" as its title, was afterwards determined upon on April 9, 1870.

Lord Litchfield interested Lord Ebury, Lord Grosvenor and many other distinguished men. And the Board of the Society assembled representatives of most of the charitable organizations of London and a vast deal of time, thought and experience was brought to bear in devising means for the best application of charity, preventing overlapping and dealing most successfully with pauperism.

Many active constructionists offered their services, such as Mr. Ribton-Turner, Mr. Bosanquet, Mr. Alsager, Hay Hill and his sister, Miss Octavia Hill, and the latest representative is Dr. C. S. Lock, who is so celebrated for his work in the organization and application of charity and in dealing with the tendencies of pauperization, that the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L., and the King, a Knighthood.

I received, of course, all kinds of letters for and against the scheme; this one, I retained in my scrap-book. The writer was evidently a professional beggar, who found his career so abruptly impeded that he poured forth his vituperations upon me, thus:

Hyde Park.

Sir:—I have just read your hard-hearted, close fisted, inhuman letter in the *Times*.

Verily, God shall judge between your world-wise inhuman scheme and the poor. Who made you to differ from many of

those who have been compelled to solicit alms or die? Shame upon you. I know the masses of England and there does not exist a heart unfossilified by gold, or pride of position, or selfishness but will lift up this prayer and cry to Him, "Who careth for the poor," but rejects the heartless cynic and oppressor. From his counsel, from his practice, from his selfishness, from his pride of superior cunning to detect the poor, "Good Lord deliver us." When you have forgotten your letter it shall blaze with an eternal condemnation upon so miserable a man. Read Mr. Measor's letter and blush. One who loves to follow Jesus doing good.

R. P. F. FITZWILLIAMS.

I have, therefore, had no small experience in the administration of charity. As much as \$3,000 a year has passed through my hands for many years, and I have come to the conclusion that our forefathers expressed a fundamental truth in the nursery rhyme,

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Couldn't lift Humpty Dumpty up again.  
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall

Which means to say, under the symbolism of an egg, which has no skeleton, no backbone, and all of whose constitution is held together by an outside shell, that a person who has no self-reliance, no initiative, no moral stamina, whose consistency of character is entirely held together by outside circumstances, if such a person fall down in the race of life it is impossible so to recover him that he can go along independently. It is a good thing to remember that there are numbers of people who are constitutionally unable to live life without assistance.

The style of the public education has not been devised to counteract the natural inability of such people. It is a scandal and a reproach that there should be a submerged tenth which is

composed of ineffectives. So numerous are they in London that the Bishop of London said the other day that if all the people, who were dependent for a living on outside assistance, were to be sent northward to Edinburgh in single file, before the last of them left London, the leader of the limping procession would be entering the Scottish Capital.

The order of God's Providence has compensated for this failure of our civilization by establishing the poor as his Receivers, for "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The only question to be settled is, who are the legitimate poor?

## CHAPTER VII.

### *General Inaccuracy.*

In 1874 a Mr. Ramsden, whose son was one of our boys, stated that he was the owner of twenty-five square miles in Iceland which contained the greater part of the sulphur in the Island. That he wished to form a small Joint-Stock Company and put the sulphur upon the market.

In those days gun-powder could only be made with natural sulphur. For no process had yet been discovered for procuring the sulphur in a sufficiently pure state from iron or copper pyrites. That if I would sign a circular stating the history of the property we should easily get sufficient capital to launch the project.

Mr. Ramsden had in his possession five or six reports. One of them was from a naval officer whom the Government had sent out to report upon the sulphur deposit. This report said that the sulphur was practically inexhaustible, that it was only necessary to pile stones around a souferole, or orifice from which a jet of steam was arising, and "Flowers of Sulphur" would deposit upon the stone.

In his office in London he had a tub full of sulphur in large crystals and the previous year he had sent out the well-known civil-engineer, Mr. Wentworth-Shields to survey a railroad forty miles long to carry the sulphur from Husivik to the capital Reykjavik.

I fortunately adhered to my resolution of never signing any report except I had assured myself of its correctness by personal investigation. At Mr. Ramsden's request, I undertook to visit

Iceland. A Danish gunboat touched at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, once a month en route for Iceland returning in a week's time.

I found myself a fellow-voyager with a geological explorer, Mr. Watts, who was intent upon crossing the glacier Scaptar-yokul, which comes down the side of Mount Hekla, and some Officers of the Guard intending to fish in the Icelandic rivers.

After a rough passage, during which a sailor broke his leg, we arrived at Reykjavik. There I was met by Dr. Hatjlin, the chief physician of the Island, to whom Mr. Ramsden had paid one hundred pounds a year for some years to conserve his property. The Doctor, as soon as he knew of my arrival, introduced me to the Governor who invited me to a public dinner to signal my visit. I was the guest of the Doctor, who the next day sent me off with a troop of ponies, guides and camping paraphernalia, to see the celebrated geysers, which, said the Doctor, "A man of your scientific reputation (which was of a very feeble nature) must necessarily inspect."

One of my compagnons de voyage was a Dublin stock-broker who, strange to say, appeared to be able to repeat all the Psalms in Latin. As there are no trees in Iceland all the lumber of which the houses in Reykjavik were built came from Denmark; the jail was the only stone edifice.

And that was of lava, which is the substance of the whole island as far as I could see. There was only one piece of road, not a mile long, leading northwards out of the town. The rest of the paths were trails which barely scratched themselves upon the hard plutonic-rock.

We slept that night in the gallery of a church, the pastor bringing us excellent black coffee and a magnificent trout. Next morning, when we bade him farewell, I induced the stock-broker to address him in a Latin oration.

I found that colloquial Latin was taught in the Danish public-schools which was a piece of information which proved

of great service to me for I could communicate with my guides in Latin; and in after years, when I came to Colorado, I found the President of the Standing Committee to be a Danish peasant, who posed, because of his colloquial Latin, as a profound Theologian and was duly honored by the Bishop and the Clergy.

The pastor listened to the stock-broker's oration of thanks, holding his hands behind his back, and when the address was finished he presented an exorbitant bill. I must confess that it is my experience with foreign priests, that they have not been given to hospitality.

When I visited, the year before, the colossal bronze statue of Daibutz at Kamakura, the ancient capital of Japan, the English merchant, who had accompanied us from Yokohama, introduced me as a brother "bonze" to the priest of the Chapel beneath the image.

He invited me down to inspect the sanctuary. There was an altar and a tabernacle above it, as in a Roman Catholic Church; he opened the door of the tabernacle and looked back at me, as he thrust in his arm, as much as to say, I'll let you see something not shown to every visitor.

I expected to see a toe of Buddha, or one of the prized relics of his order but, drawing out his hand carefully, he produced a bottle of Bass's pale ale. With much Japanese ceremony we drank each other's health and he then intimated he expected in return about three times its usual price!

To return to Iceland. After spending Sunday at the geysers, which did not perform for our diversion, we returned to the Capital. It was evident that Dr. Hatjlin was in no hurry to take me to the sulphur deposits, but I intimated my resolution that if he was not willing to go next morning, I would go by myself.

So next morning we set off with a troop of ponies and men, and finally arrived at a broad valley here and there covered with

clouds of steam. We stayed all night at a farmhouse built of sod and next morning sallied forth to inspect the sulphur.

As the Doctor took a spade so did I. When he came to a souferole he stuck his spade near the orifice and turned up five or six pounds of pure sulphur, which he carefully patted back into its place, remarking that he was very careful of these individual deposits.

It was my turn next having removed a few spadefuls of sulphur on the immediate surface. I dug deeper and found nothing but white clay. "Kaolin, a very valuable clay," as the Doctor explained. I repeated my examination of a dozen other souferoles always with the same result. "How many souferoles are there in the valley?" I asked. "Eighty-seven," the Doctor replied, "as you will see in my report to the government." "And how much sulphur do you think there is in each souferole?" "Ah! that you cannot tell." I asked, "Is there a ton?" "Oh no, not a ton!" "Is there half a ton?" "You really cannot tell," he ventured.

There was in reality not more than five pounds. There was not half a ton of sulphur in the whole valley. The nature of the deposit was sufficient of itself to indicate there could be no great quantity; for the sulphur was coming from the decomposition of a bed, probably iron pyrites far down beneath the surface; and the sulphur was escaping in the form of sulphuretted hydrogen gas.

Now water charged with this gas, will deposit its sulphur in the presence of light, hence the accumulation of the sulphur was very slow and in small quantities just at the surface. There were mountains in the distance with patches of white in their hollows. They had named them on the map, The Sulphur Mountains.

I asked the Doctor if the white patches were deposits of sulphur. He knew if he said they were that I would have ridden to examine them. He therefore told the truth saying, that it

was that very valuable clay, kaolin. The Governor and the Doctor wondered what report I should make in London; but, of course, I held my peace until I saw the owner of the property when I was pained to tell him that the valley did not contain half a ton of sulphur.

This experience warned me how inaccurate men with the best intentions might be. And how cautious any man ought to be, if called upon to make a serious report, involving the expenditure of much money.

One of my instructions was to find a creek or inlet on the southern coast from which it might be possible to ship the sulphur. The coast-cliffs being of hard basaltic-lava, it was with some difficulty that I found a crevasse by which to reach the narrow beach below and then to my astonishment, I found wagon-loads of broken bamboo and sugar cane which had been transported to Iceland by the Gulf Stream from the West Indian Islands.

Here is another illustration of the disaster which may be occasioned by reporting inaccurately.

Some thirty years ago, I had occasion to go twenty-five miles down the Platte from Greeley. To my astonishment I there found a deserted town of twenty or thirty houses. On the floor of one of them there was a pamphlet whose contents had evidently brought this Colony from one of the States on the Eastern seaboard.

From their calling the town Jamestown it is probable that that was the name of the neighborhood from which they had come. The pamphlet represented the site of Jamestown as a corner of Paradise. The climate was perfection; the game was plentiful; the supply of wood was ample; fish was to be had for the catching; beds of coal were quite close in the mountains and there was an irrigation ditch which brought water from Greeley.

The only absolute truth in these statements was concerning the climate: the game was the antelope, most difficult to shoot;



the buffalo were fast disappearing, if they had not at that time all been killed. There were at certain seasons ducks and geese; the fish were the suckers in the river, by no means numerous or palatable. The wood was a few cotton-wood trees on the island in the river; the coal was certainly forty miles away; the irrigation ditch was there, but no water had it ever brought to the unfortunate town.

Disappointment and anxiety induced cancer of the stomach of the leader of the Colony, Colonel Pace, a man of God, whom I had the privilege of ministering to in his last sickness. Now this pamphlet was signed carelessly and thoughtlessly at the solicitation of some interested men by Governor Evans, the Governor of the then Territory and our Bishop Randall, a well known and revered man on the eastern seaboard.

Can any one sum the amount of mental agony and heart-breaking anxiety, to say nothing of the monetary loss of these colonists, which is to be ascribed solely to the inaccuracy of the misleading statements of that pamphlet signed by two such reputable men and high officials?

When the Churchmen of Denver cabled to me to draw five hundred dollars and revisit them and I came to investigate the situation I naturally sought to form some estimate of the future population of the city. One afternoon I had the honor of consulting Governor Evans and Bishop Spalding.

Now, from my English point of view a Governor and a Bishop were two very important people. I had never spoken to a Governor in all my life and I had called a Bishop "My Lord," and looked upon him with great deference, somewhat mingled with awe. It could be well understood how that interview not a little shocked my sense of propriety. And yet I could not divest myself of the importance of the announcements of two such dignitaries.

The Governor was whittling a piece of stick; the Bishop, a large and apostolic-looking man, was rocking in a cumbrous

chair, smoking a cigar with his leg over one arm. I asked them what they considered the population of the city might possibly attain within a reasonable limit. The rich silver deposits of Leadville had just been discovered and two thousand people were arriving in Denver every week.

The Bishop deferred to the Governor, who mechanically whittling his stick, looked up to the ceiling for inspiration. "Well Bishop," said he, "we'll give her a million." "Within what time," I enquired, "Do you think the city may attain the population of a million?"

The Governor again deferred to the Bishop and the Bishop deferred to the Governor and they then both agreed that within twenty-five years Denver would be a city of a million souls. It is now some thirty-seven years since that afternoon and the city has not a quarter of the inhabitants they estimated.

If the rapid increase in the population had been one of the elements to influence my decision, whether I should leave London, and come and preach the Gospel in Denver, how grievously might these gentlemen have misled me by what was a wholly unwarranted and absurd opinion.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *Illustrative of Clerical Experiences.*

The Theological course of the University of Dublin extends over two years, and if successful you then receive a Testimonium Theologicum. At Cambridge the Theological course was only six weeks. Before taking my degree I had attended a year's theological lectures, but I was full of scientific work writing, lecturing and teaching, and I left the University for London without the Theological Testimonium. On becoming settled at Blackheath I took as active a part in a neighboring Church as the restricted rules for lay-service of the Church of England would permit. The Vicar, after some months begged me to be Ordained. I had always had my face set towards the Ministry, and he being quite willing to give me what is called a Title, I applied to the Bishop of London for Ordination. I then found myself against a hard and fast rule which their Lordships had made for their own guidance—that they would Ordain no one who had not concluded some Theological course at a University. Bishop Tait told me I must take what he called a short course at King's College. When I applied to the authorities of King's College they knew of no course except their regular course of two years. However, after a lapse of some months I received a printed notice to attend an examination at London House. I remember it well for the day was a public holiday—Lord Mayor's Day—and I very unwillingly spent it writing answers to the questions of the Bishop's examiners. I appeared to have satisfied them and was required to present myself for a personal interview with his Lordship. The Bishop then said that as I did not

possess the Theologicum Testimonium he could not Ordain me. I told him that he was aware of that fact six months previously, that he had then told me I must take the Short Course at King's College but that the authorities of that Institution had none such to offer. The Bishop said that he was very sorry the mistake had been made but that he could not Ordain me without the Testimonium; so I went back to my scientific work.

I was now associated with Professor Drew, whose wife was a niece of the Bishop of Calcutta, Daniel Wilson, whose Chaplain and son-in-law, Canon Bateman, was now the Vicar of North Cray, a charming village in Kent eight miles from Blackheath. The Canon heard my story. He happened to be an intimate friend of Archbishop Longley and was good enough to speak to the Archbishop of the matter of my Ordination. Colenso had just issued his book, a crude criticism of the arithmetic of the Pentateuch, which greatly interested Professor Drew. Because Colenso was Second Wrangler, Mr. Drew had the greatest respect for his opinion, and night after night he read the book to me criticizing its every line. When I presented myself at Addingham to the Archbishop, as he stood in his library, before the fire with his coat tails over his arms, he was astonished at my intimate knowledge of Colenso's book. After picking that vulnerable work to pieces to his Grace's very evident satisfaction, he said, "Mr. Hart, I knew and revered your father (when he was Bishop of Ripon my father was one of his Clergy) and for his sake I will break a rule that I have kept for thirty years, and I will Ordain you without a Divinity Testimonium."

Far be from me to advocate any easy road to Ordination, but I cite this as an instance of the exceeding difficulty for even a well-qualified man to become Ordained unless he had complied with a hard and fast rule; and although it works occasionally to the detriment of the Church it is infinitely preferable to the

slipshod, ineffective, and in more than one instance scandalous, process of Ordination that I have witnessed in Colorado.

Bishop Tait made a similar exception in an instance which is illustrative of a singular peculiarity of the working classes. Blackheath is on a plateau which edges the valley of the Thames; a dense population stretches for miles on either side of the river. We richer Clergy, as in duty bound, helped to support City Missionaries and other agents to ameliorate the sodden poverty of such crowded localities. A Mr. Courtney was one of our most successful Missionaries. In a saw-mill he had collected a congregation of five or six hundred people, to whom I occasionally preached. One Sunday night in July I wore a paper collar. Always being of an experimenting turn of mind, I would try a new invention. The saw-mill was packed to the doors. Four old women found seats on the platform, about my feet, which formed the pulpit. It was suffocatingly hot. In the middle of my sermon I put up my hand to feel how my collar was getting on, I felt strips of pulp held together by a piece of tape—that was the first and last time I wore a paper collar!

Finding this Mission was so successful a deputation of us Clergy waited on the Bishop of London urging him to Ordain Mr. Courtney and we would build him a Church. After considerable demur the sensible Scotchman acquiesced. We built a roomy, well-lighted, dignified Church of which Mr. Courtney was the first Incumbent. When I occasionally went to preach in it I never found a congregation of more than two hundred. Cleanliness, light, and fresh air were actually distasteful to that class of people; they would not, and did not come.

In building a Church or Mission it is absolutely necessary to consider the habits and likings of the people you intend your building to serve.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *A Prison Experience.*

The Ordinary of Newgate was one of my Blackheath neighbors and occasionally he would ask me to take his Morning Service. I would present myself at Newgate a little after 10 o'clock, and five doors would be locked behind me before I reached the little Vestry of the great City prison.

Mr. Jonas, the Governor, who had never slept out of Newgate for thirty years, came in gently rubbing his hands: "Good morning, Mr. Hart, we are ready." I had heard the distant muffled tread of the prisoners for some time, and every now and then a number called by a Warder, as the tally passed him. In the meanwhile I had put on my surplice, and mounting a corkscrew iron staircase, I emerged into the reading-desk of the Chapel. It was a strange sight; five or six hundred prisoners surrounding the place, in divisions; the murderers condemned to be hung, in an iron cage to the right; the men awaiting trial, on benches directly in front; the women behind a red screen in the gallery. They were only allowed to hear their own voices in Service, and they took ample advantage of the privilege and responded with vigor. I invariably addressed them on what I told them I considered the most remarkable verse in the Bible. No doubt they considered 13 an unlucky number, I thought perhaps a couple of thirteens might change the luck. This verse was the thirteenth verse of the XIIIth chapter of Leviticus, the third Book in the Bible:

I told them that the white leprosy was a disease which God singled out of all other diseases to visibly illustrate the nature



INTERIOR OF OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, DENVER.  
(THE CEILING WAS OF SAGGING CANVAS )





and consequences of sin; that if a pimple appeared on the skin the priest was called to inspect it; if it looked like leprosy and he was not sure, the victim was to be shut up for seven days and then examined again, and if the spot had spread and the hair on the surface had turned white, showing that the mischief was deeper than a superficial blemish, that then it was the dread disease. The sufferer was driven from the camp—the presence of God—he had to wear the habiliments of the dead, and not only was he considered dead to his family and friends, but he carried contamination and was compelled to cry, “Unclean, Unclean,” lest any should approach him unawares. All this drastic treatment vividly illustrated God’s dealing with sin, for sin in its nature separates from God, the God of holiness, and all connected with Him.

How then were we to understand this thirteenth verse of the XIIIth chapter of Leviticus, which reads: “Then the priest shall consider; and behold, if the leprosy have covered all his flesh, he shall pronounce him clean that hath the plague; it is all turned white; he is clean.”

This kind of leprosy was not contagious like small-pox, for Naaman, the Generalissimo of the Syrian forces was a leper, and on State occasions the King “leaned upon his arm,” in procession, which he never would have done if there had been any fear of his catching the disease; and we read of Elisha’s servant, Gehazi, who was “a leper as white as snow,” being in the audience chamber of King Jehoram and mixing with the courtiers. Then why was it, that a small spot of leprosy was sufficient to ostracize a man and cast him out as dead, and yet when he was covered white from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, so that you could run your hand over his whole body and find no open sore, and no “proud flesh,” that then he was considered ceremonially clean and could return to his tent and his business?

The answer must have been an untold relief to many a

jailed prisoner. Here were hundreds of men and women convicted before the world of sin, and most of them convicted by their own consciences. The heaviest of burdens was upon them; how welcome must it have been to them to be told that if they would only confess that they were sinners, that there was no whole place in them, that like the Publican in the Lord's parable they would smite upon their breast and say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," that then the white leper represented them and they might be assured they were clean.

I used to walk down the corridors and look through the spy-holes of the cell doors, and nearly every prisoner was looking up in the Bible, provided for each cell, that celebrated verse, and I have had letters from distant parts, from men who still held in precious memory the hope of the white leper.

It was a curious experience during the Assize to lunch in the prison with the Judge. The Lord Mayor, or one of the Aldermen, always sat on the Bench as the representative of the right of the City to administer its own laws, and his presence gave authority to one of Her Majesty's Judges who, in the name of the City, executed them.

The City lunched the Judges. It was a mimic Lord Mayor's banquet. His Lordship presided in his cock-feather, three-cornered hat. We always had the celebrated turtle soup, "thick and clear," and the usual toasts were drunk; that to Her Majesty's health being acknowledged by the Judge in his scarlet and ermine, who had just condemned a murderer to be "hung by the neck," within a few feet of our banqueting. For some long-forgotten reason the toasts in Newgate were given by the Lord Mayor "sitting."

I was the guest of the Ordinary who attended in his black silk gown, cassock and bands. Lord Mayor Besley was that day in the chair, and he was trying to be facetious: "Here, Mr. Ordinary, is some game-pie for you, you are pious, you know!"

## CHAPTER X.

### *Incidents Connected with People I Have Known.*

There were in my congregation at Blackheath, three sisters. The eldest, Miss Roberts, was 96; Mrs. Withcombe, 86; and Mrs. Pettman, 84. They were the daughters of Captain Cook's sailing master, Captain Roberts, who was with Cook when he was killed at Hawaii. He discovered the Sandwich Islands and named them after the First Lord of the Admiralty. In one of their rooms there hung a splendid three-quarter length portrait of their father, which was painted by Gainsborough by command of the King.

One day Mrs. Withcombe asked me to take a water-color hanging in the drawing-room, which she said she could see no longer. She had bought it on her wedding-trip in Scotland of a young painter. His name, Copley-Fielding, afterwards became famous, and I sold the picture for \$5,000. It seems a long stretch of years to be able to say I knew the daughters of a man who saw Captain Cook—the first circumnavigator of the world—killed. What unbelievable changes have taken place in the times spanned by such a memory.

But the most extraordinary stretch of years I read of one day in the *Times*. A will case was being tried and a very old lady was a witness. When the counsel asked her, "Had you ever a brother or sister?" she replied, "Yes, I had a sister who was buried 150 years ago." That almost unbelievable statement occurred thus: Her father was married when he was nineteen; the next year they had a baby girl who died in a few months. Her father having become a widower married again when he

was 75, and the witness was then 94, which made it 150 years since her sister was buried.

Dr. Claughton, the Bishop of Rochester, was my Bishop until he retired. He had a higher opinion of me than I deserved. He asked me to become his Diocesan Inspector of Schools, wishing very properly to know the status of the Schools in the Diocese managed by the Clergy. One of his senior Clergy, who had no School of his own, had made an academic study of Religious Education, and by perseverance had contrived to make himself a recognized authority on that subject. No position he coveted more, or thought himself more capable of filling than the position the Bishop had asked me to fill, but when he spoke he gobbled like a turkey-cock, which really unfitted him for examining children. But his amour-propre was so offended by what he considered was the undue exaltation of one of the junior Clergy that he stirred up no little commotion in the Diocese, which reached the Bishop's ears. I ventured to ask his Lordship to allow me to resign in the interests of peace—which he did—but he never filled the appointment. Thus early I was the victim of that Clerical jealousy, which I estimate from the observation of a long life, more impedes the usefulness of the Church than any other frailty of human nature.

The great Duke of Argyle married for his third wife a daughter of the Bishop. On one of my visits to England I went to see his Lordship in his retirement. The Duke was sitting in a tent pitched in the Park. As everybody knows, he had a quick, intelligent mind, always on the alert for information,

He questioned me long of our American affairs, and on returning to this Country I had many letters from him discussing social problems as they presented themselves on this side the Atlantic.

A lady, whom I, of course, knew to be the Duchess, was being pushed about in a wicker chair, by a footman. In that class of Society one is supposed to know all the visitors in the

house, so no introduction is necessary, and I was soon in conversation with one of the handsomest of women—the first lady in Scotland. Presently she opened a silver box, struck a match, lit some fudge and inhaled the fumes. “What,” I said, “Your Grace, Asthma?” She looked at me with a sort of strained contentment, “Yes, I haven’t been in bed for three years.” What a parody on rank and beauty! She would have changed places with the footman’s wife, who had slept soundly all last night, and never thanked her Creator for bestowing upon her His “beloved sleep.”

Two of Lord Fitzwilliam’s sons, who were intent on becoming soldiers, came to me to prepare for the Army examination. They were kind enough during the Christmas holidays to ask me down in the hunting season, to their Yorkshire seat, Wentworth Woodhouse. It was five miles from the Park gates to the Mansion, whose facade was a quarter of a mile long. They all had their early breakfast in their rooms, but as I have had the habit all my life long of rising at five o’clock, I was strolling in the stable yard before the ten o’clock breakfast. The head groom asked me if I would like to see the horses, and placing me at a certain spot, he blew a whistle and the stable boys opened the doors, and I looked down a vista and saw the tails of sixty-five hunters.

In the plate-room was silver and gold-plate, which had come down in the family and been augmented by succeeding generations. I understood they could dine one hundred and twenty, and everything on the table was gold; yet here was genuine simplicity, and the art of life was reduced to its very easiest methods. You had only to express a wish and it was gratified—for instance, at the breakfast table you proposed to join any of the parties then being discussed, the man behind your chair gave such directions that everything requisite for that diversion was ready at the right time and place. The servants for long generations had been trained for their work

and nothing could be quieter or more orderly than the movements of such a household, and yet without a symptom of ostentation and in an atmosphere of kindness and thoughtfulness for other people.

The procedure worked curiously but effectively. On Saturday afternoon, when young Fitzwilliam went to Town to spend Sunday, he would leave my house for the railway station, with his umbrella under his arm, followed by George, his valet, with a portmanteau. His master would get into the train, he into a second-class carriage lower down. At every station George's head was out of the window to see if his master should alight. When they arrived at Cannon Street Station, and Fitzwilliam took a cab, George took another and followed him, and you may be very sure that wherever his master slept that night there was everything to his hand as if he had given fifty orders.

One day, Mr. Petter, the publisher, asked me to have a day's shooting in Surrey, where some London men kept a preserve, he said, "Would Mr. Fitzwilliam like to come too?" I gave him the invitation and he said he thought he would like to go. It was Friday afternoon; I heard his bell ring and George appeared; he said, "George, I shall need my gun." That is all he said. George went down to Yorkshire, and on Monday morning there was the gun with a box of cartridges.

After this War there will be no such experiences as we had that day. Five or six hundred pheasants and three or four hundred hares were killed by twenty guns, and you could see St. Paul's Cathedral nine miles on the horizon. There will be no such game preserving, defended by laws made by the game preservers themselves, in future; this War will democratize the population and do much to level class distinction and do away with privileges conserved by the few to the exclusion of the many.

The most notable case of Absolutism I ever knew, was told me by General Maclean, who was once the Military Instructor

to the son of the Khedive of Egypt. The General was dining at the Palace, the British Ambassador was present. The conversation turned on Hippopotami, and his Highness asked the Ambassador if Her Majesty possessed a Hippo. On being informed that there had never been one seen in England he turned to the Officer behind his chair and said: "Get me a Hippopotamus," and that was all he said. To obey that one sentence half a regiment of soldiers was dispatched up the Nile to Nubia; a young Hippo was secured and a special dahabieh was built with a tank in the middle. Bands of soldiers were sent on either side of the river, who drove all the cows down to the river's brink, so that the animal might be supplied with fresh milk. When they arrived at Cairo the Officer reported at the palace that the Hippo was there, and the Khedive ordered it to be given to Her Majesty through the Ambassador. A tank had to be prepared on a man-of-war, and a number of cows shipped to provide milk for it; and I saw that hippopotamus on my first visit to London at the great Exhibition in Sir John Paxton's Glass House, in Hyde Park, in 1851.

To return for a moment to the Hon. John Fitzwilliam. He entered Parliament as the Member for Peterborough; and one day riding home from the Hunt, in the Park close to the house, his horse put its foot into a rabbit-hole, threw him over its head, and broke his neck. Lady Fitzwilliam sent me a steel-engraving of him which hangs in my dining room side by side with that of Longley, the Archbishop—two Christian gentlemen; the finest fabric of human nature.

Another man, whose memory I love to cherish, is Mr. Bond, the Curator of the Manuscripts in the British Museum—where he lived. Mrs. Bond was the daughter of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, the author of the celebrated *Ingoldsby Legends*. Their son Teddy was at my school. He went to Rugby, caught scarlet-fever, and died. He was the dearest of boys; and of all the kind things, which have been said of me by my friends, I

value most Teddy's delirious saying, as he was dying, "Three cheers for Mr. Hart."

Mr. Bond was Knighted, but died the day after he received his Patent, so that he was really Sir Edward for one single day. I write this memory of him chiefly to hand down an opinion of his worth knowing to Biblical scholars.

One day I was walking with him in the King's Library, when he stopped before a glass bookcase, whose door he opened with a key, and taking one of four volumes, luxuriously bound, he put it into my hand. It was the Codex Alexandrinus, one of the five oldest copies of the Bible we possess—the Codex A. It was beautifully engrossed on vellum pages. I asked him what he thought was the origin of that venerable book? His reply is worth recording, for what he believed about a book was probably correct. He said, "Eusebius tells us that the Emperor Constantine required fifty Bibles to be procured for the fifty Churches in Constantinople, and I believe this is one of them." Now, remembering that the Empress Helena, Constantine's mother, was a great and generous patron of Christianity, there is little doubt but that she would command the loan of the autographs of the Apostles if they were to be had. These parchments would then be only about two hundred and eighty years old—a small age in comparison to the fifteen hundred and fifty years of the Codex itself—and therefore the opinion Dean Burgon so firmly held of the reputation of Codex A—that it was the most reliable copy of the Bible we possess, far superior to the Sinaiticus, or the Vaticanus, which he considered vitiated copies, is probably correct.

Dr. Richard Garnett, who was the Director of the Reading Room of the British Museum, was a connection of mine. I spent a whole Monday once in his office which I remember vividly. The previous day, Sunday, I had spent at Southchurch, which was the best living in the Archbishop's gift and where Canon Bateman retired to end his days. I found my old



Vicar shrivelled in body, but with his temper as violent as ever. I sometimes wonder if temper is the thermometer of Christian love—if it be, the love of many I have known must have grown cold. We condone temper as the vice of the virtuous, but of all the disabilities of Saintship there is no sin that so spots the white robe of the Christian with murkier splashes, than temper; it poisons the atmosphere of the home, it rubs the bloom off childhood, and it curdles the milk of human kindness, more certainly than any of those sins which Society contemns.

I found visiting the Vicarage a most attractive and intelligent lady, who had some relationship with the Wilson family. I did not know it at the time, but I afterwards learned that she occupied the proud position of the most popular palmist in London, when palmistry was the vogue. It is unnecessary to say that the conversation drifted to matters occult, and she wondered that I had never heard the celebrated ghost story connected with Bishop Wilberforce. She said that the Bishop was staying at the country seat of Lord Wilton; that one evening as the dinner procession was passing through the hall to the dining room, the Bishop saw a Roman Priest watching the company. During dinner the Bishop asked his host who the Priest was. His Lordship said that he had no knowledge of any Priest in the house, but the Bishop declared that he had just seen him standing there. The footman was sent to make a search, but he returned, like Elijah's attendant, saying there was nothing. The next morning the Bishop was writing letters, and looking up, there was the Priest standing before him. "Sir, what are you doing here?" said the Bishop, "Lord Wilton is unaware of your presence"; when the Priest replied, "I was once the Chaplain in this house; I heard the confession of a young lady, and wrote it down. I then went out, and that day was accidentally killed. You will find the manuscript where I put it—in the third book on the third shelf from the fireplace, in the library—you will give me rest if you will find it and destroy it unread." To

which simple request the Bishop at once agreed. He found the manuscript where the apparition had indicated and threw it into the fire.

I asked my lady friend how she knew that this narrative was true. "Oh," she said, "you'll find it in the Bishop's life." Going up to London, I called on Dick Garnett (we had been boys together) and sat in his private office all day searching the lives, not only of the Bishop, but of his celebrated father, William Wilberforce; there was no such story narrated. I afterwards was told that the interesting Bishop had "made it up" to please a party of children, but for the truth of that, or of any other story beyond my personal observation, I should be sorry to vouch. This story may have been no more true than another which was current in my day, that the Bishop had said to Prince Albert, that if his brother-in-law, Archdeacon Manning, had been made a Bishop he would never have perverted to Rome—so Rome would have lost an astute Cardinal, who very nearly became Pope in spite of the politicians of the Vatican, who feared him.

Another great man with whom I was privileged to come into contact was Archbishop Whately. Always being inclined to be occupied, I was one of a few undergraduates who "ran" a Ragged-School and a Penny Bank in Fishamble Street, in Dublin; and for some time I played the harmonium in the Irish Church Missions Church in Townsend Street. In these activities I became associated with a coterie of remarkable women, and I have since recognized the truth of the opinion of critics, more authoritative than myself, that there is no Society of the world more charming than the *élite* of Dublin. The most distinguished of these ladies was Miss Mary Whately. She seemed to know the Greek Testament by heart. Her father appealed to her sometimes, "Mary, what is the reading there?" and without hesitation she would give the quotation to his Grace. She had an excellent voice, and was a musician of no mean calibre. To

hear her sing "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" was a thing to be remembered. Occasionally I would listen to the conversation of the Archbishop, and I once heard him say what I have often repeated in the pulpit as the authoritative dictum of a great logician, that "there is more evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ than there is for the existence of Julius Cæsar."

Speaking of "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" reminds me of the singing of it by Jenny Lind. I heard her at Bradford, the week that the Prince Consort died. She was supported by Madam Stainton-Dolby, Sims Reeves, and Santley. Costa was conducting, and a chorus of seven hundred, of probably the best chorus singers in the world; for it is generally credited that the West Riding is the most musical of neighborhoods. I have often seen in the schoolroom at Otley, a Madrigal Society—the men, in their smock-frocks, from the mills, and some of the women who "minded" the looms—sing a Madrigal correctly at sight, with accidentals scattered through it as thick as blackberries.

I read in Sims Reeves' "Musical Career" that the company hesitated whether they should give "The Messiah" when Prince Albert was lying dead, but finally, considering the nature of the oratorio, the concert was given. Jenny Lind was dressed in simple black, without a jewel. I have never heard a voice since equal to the purity of hers; every note dropped from her mouth as a liquid pearl. When she sang "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" she stood looking into space, motionless, and the impression produced upon every one in that vast audience was, that you would give everything you possessed if you could be as sure that your Redeemer lived, as was the great cantatrice.

Dr. Anthony Thorold, when he was Bishop of Rochester, and again when he was Bishop of Winchester, in his travels came out to see me. Let it not be understood that he came from England on purpose, but he was very fond of traveling in what might be called his vacation, and in his wanderings twice hon-

ored us with a visit to Denver. He preached in the Cathedral to an overflowing congregation. He was greatly pleased at the reception he received. I mention him chiefly because he is an illustration of what methodical work can accomplish.

I visited him at Selden Park. He was then the Chaplain of the House of Lords. He was continually out in his Diocese, confirming, speaking and preaching, and was on several National Committees. I one day looked over his letter-book, a long book ruled in five compartments—he recorded when the letter was received, from whom, the gist of what it was about, when it was answered, and how. It was then September, and since the beginning of the year he had written 3,020 letters—more than an average of eleven a day—and yet he was of such a delicate constitution that if his food was not more than warm he was seriously ill. He was an illustration of what a man with a frail body can do with care and method. He was not a great man, but he was a good man, and his memory leaves a pleasant taste in one's mouth.

Canon T. Teignmouth Shore was a college friend of mine and remained so till the end of his life. He is an illustration of what consummate tact is capable of accomplishing. After occupying one or two small Churches, he came into the employ of Cassell, Petter and Galpin. He was the Editor of "The Quiver"; and to him we owe Ellicot's "Commentary of the Bible" and Farrar's "Life of Christ." He became the Incumbent of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, and the children of the then Prince of Wales and a great many of the aristocracy were attracted to his Children's Services. Mr. Shore was chosen to give the Princesses their spiritual instruction. He thus became, I may almost say, intimate with the Royal Family, and when the Princess Alice became Duchess of Hesse, her faith was seriously upset by that German Higher Criticism which so fiercely attacked the probity of the Bible. A volume of Shore's sermons on "Some Difficulties of Belief" was put into her hands,

I believe by her mother, the Queen, and through God's mercy was the means of re-establishing her belief in the promises of God, and she regained the sure anchorage just before her tragic death.

He was present at the deathbed of the Empress Frederick, and just before she passed away he told me a butterfly flew in at the open window, settled a moment on her breast, and then flew out again. They all took it for a sign.

In recognition of his services the Crown gave him a Canonry of Worcester, where he died. Mrs. Shore, who still survives him, was the daughter of a Mr. Waller, a Dublin barrister, who had some reputation as a poet. I chiefly remember him as introducing Lord Brougham to an Irish audience. The great Chancellor was then a very old man and tried to get out of making a speech, but Mr. Waller, by adroit Irish cleverness, held him to his intention, and we had the pleasure of listening to a short address. His Lordship had on those Scotch breeches in which he always appeared, for it is said that when once visiting in Scotland he ordered a pair of trousers of the village tailor which so exactly suited him that he wrote commissioning the tailor to make him seven pairs, but he wrote so badly that the tailor read seventy for seven, and filled the order!

Barristers were never noted for their legible writing. One noted K. C. had three hands; one he could read and his clerk couldn't, another which his clerk could read and he couldn't, and a third which neither of them could read.

The late Bishop Doane's writing was also illegible to ordinary people. I have seen Bishop Spalding receive a letter from Albany which he was unable to decipher, and he had to send it to the late Mr. Pott, the publisher, who returned it with the illegible words translated.

Speaking of Bishop Doane, I heard in England an interesting fact concerning his father, the first Bishop Doane. He came over to England when the visits of American Bishops were rare,

and he preached for my father's friend, Dr. Hook, the Vicar of Leeds. He preached on Baptism, to a magnificent congregation, in the great Parish Church. When they returned to the Vestry, Dr. Hook said, "A very interesting sermon, Bishop, but I suppose there was not one single person in that congregation who has not been baptized." But there was one. A boy of seventeen had been attracted by the novelty of hearing an American Bishop; that sermon convinced him, and he offered himself for baptism, and he afterwards became a clergyman and the author of many valuable books. He was Prebendary Sadler.

Otley was only ten miles from Leeds, and Dr. Hook would occasionally come over to visit my father. As the Vicarage was full of children, distinguished visitors would be billeted on some rich parishioner. Dr. Hook was the guest of one of them. The little daughter of the house, as is often the custom, came into the drawing room for the half hour before dinner. When she saw Dr. Hook, who called her to him, she said, with the naivete of a child, "I have seen you before; I have your photograph in my album." "Run and fetch it," said the Doctor, "let me see it"; and the child soon returned triumphant with the latest photograph of the chimpanzee—to which human animal he was not unlike.

But he was a dear man. When he was Dean of Chichester, Mr. Gladstone offered him the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and he declined the highest honor in the English Church because he thought the climate of Lambeth might be fatal to his wife.

Another noted visitor, the Rev. Charles Clayton, a Fellow of Caius, was billeted at the same house. He had a magnificent head, quite bald except for a fringe of dark hair. The same enfant terrible came in before dinner, and looking at the great man, she said, "You've left your 'air in your 'at."

Mr. Hankin, the Vicar of S. Jude's, Islington, a connection of mine, once told me he had a parishioner who had a long time been declining in health. When she came in sight of the end,

he said to her one day, "Now Sarah, is there anything I can get for you or do for you?" "Well, Vicar," she replied, "if you'd be so kind, I'd like a 'at.'" "Why, Sarah," the Vicar said, "what do you want a hat for; in all probability, in a day or two you'll be in a world where they don't want such things?" "But, Vicar," Sarah said, "I read in the Bible, 'they go in there 'at.'"

After all, the only thing of value in life is the making of friends. Material supply which ministers to bodily comfort is a long way from satisfying the whole of man. We need the friendship of our Creator. As Augustine well said, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts find no rest until they rest in Thee."

This craving after friendship has its roots in this life. A friend is a rare boon. People have many acquaintances, but friends are few.

My Churchwarden, Edward Pembroke, was a friend. He was one of those men who have contributed to that robust English character which has made the country what it is. Beginning as an office boy in one of the great shipping firms, he rose to be a ship owner himself, and when he died at eighty-one, he had made for himself "a name and a place" in the City of London men envied. He had that advantageous grace—the grace of perseverance. He was never weary of well doing. He had engineered the finances of St. Germans Chapel for all the years I knew him. A dear old gentleman of the Simeon type had been its Incumbent for many years, but as age came upon him he lost his hold, and his mind took to straying—indeed he became foolish. I remember him telling me that in a summer stroll he had been caught in a shower; a rainbow bent its colored archway close before him, so close, he said, that he ran into it, and "the colors were all down my legs." He used to visit in great houses, and finding a shower-bath in his bedroom, he determined to have a bath. He got within the curtains and pulled the string. "Down came a torrent of cold water. I was in agony.

I shouted for someone to come and rescue me. It was horrible." "Why did you not step out, sir?" I suggested. "Ah, I never thought of that," he said.

It is needless to say that the congregation dwindled until it was evident "something must be done," and I was persuaded to become his co-worker. I have three times in my life found myself in that most difficult of positions, where my Senior and Superior was less popular than the young and virile Assistant. It is an unfortunate condition and arouses many searchings of heart. It was inevitable that, as the contrast between the old and the young deepened, friction should make the wheels of life go heavily, and jealousy heated the bearings. I have applauded the honesty of Rectors I have known who declined the assistance of Curates who were likely to overshadow them. It needs a St. John the Baptist to say with genuine delight, "He must increase, but I must decrease." It requires a rare Christianity to be able to sink one's own importance for the good of the people committed to one's charge. To see a full congregation when the Curate is known to preach, and rows of empty pews when the Rector mounts the Pulpit, is more than ordinary human nature will bear. The genial spirit of my friend, Pembroke, was the oil on that troubled water, and his nautical skill kept the craft steady in a very choppy sea.

In after life, in a similar difficulty, I sorely missed his splendid steering.

But his "stickingatedness" was his "long suite." He sent me a *London World*, directed by his own hand, every week for thirty years! To have ordered the paper to be sent to me would have been a very friendly act, or even to have commissioned one of his clerks to have dispatched it, but to wrap it up himself and direct it weekly for thirty long years is a record very few friends can match.

Of course, such a man had many remarkable experiences to relate; one, at least, is worth recording:





NAVE OF OLD CATHEDRAL.



Most people know how very sensitive is tea—how it has the knack of taking on the flavor of whatever has a scent in its neighborhood. Tea brought by ship is said to be “sea-sick” and has a flavor well known to tea-tasters. This is the reason why tea in Russia is of a better quality than elsewhere in Europe, because it is brought by caravan overland, and it is the reason why cargoes of tea are still brought preferably in sailing vessels—A1 clippers, as they were called.

Mr. Pembroke owned some of these tea-carriers. One of them arrived safely with its cargo, which was duly delivered to its owners. A few days after the owners called on Mr. Pembroke, and said the whole of the tea was spoiled, for it had a flavor of port wine. Mr. Pembroke sent for the skipper and asked him if he had any port wine on board. He replied that he had a quarter cask, which was unsaleable in Shanghai, and he was asked to take it back to London; he had buried it in the ballast and delivered it to the consignee intact. Pembroke thought the tea merchants had heard of this and, as we say over here, “had put up a job on him,” for it seemed incredible that so much of the ænanthic ether could have made its way through the wood of the cask and then permeated through the lead covering of the tea so as to have flavored the whole cargo. To have an independent opinion, he took some of the damaged tea to a tea-taster in Mincing Lane, who was well known to him. The expert tasted the tea, said it was Chop 1, but he said, “Pembroke, there is a taste of port wine about this tea”; and there was, and the ship owner had to pay something over £3,000 damages. The merchants then advertised the tea as a special quality and put a high price on their deteriorated cargo!

Dear Pembroke went to the Home of the Blessed three years ago, leaving an ample provision for his nine children.

The Junior Churchwarden at St. Germans was no less notorious, but alas! in the opposite direction. He was the Vestry Clerk of Greenwich, Vestries in those days did the work

now attended to by County Councils—they regulated all civic matters—so that the public funds which they handled in great boroughs were enormous. When our Junior Churchwarden was cut off in the midst of his days by typhoid fever, his books showed a deficit of £86,000. I never think of his happy home and lavish table without a streak of sickening conscience. His three sons were boys at my school. The eldest had become a lawyer, but his father's defalcations in some way inculcated him. Now here is shown the great difference between an Englishman and an American. An Englishman is like a cat with one trick, and one trick only; that one thing he usually does well and thoroughly, but should any fatality throw him off the line, he has little initiative or resource to make a success in any other direction.

When the young lawyer found himself deterred from practising his profession he was at his wits' end to provide for himself and his wife—they had no children—and he actually became a day laborer. Now, however willing he might have been, like the unjust steward, he "had not strength to dig"—muscles require educating as well as brains—and one day, carrying a hod of bricks up a steep ladder, his strength failed him and he fell from the height and was killed. Of course, I never heard of the tragedy until years after it occurred.

When I first came to Denver I was one day called upon by a gentleman with white hair. He said there was money to be made by establishing in Denver a soap and candle factory, pointing out that as matters then stood, the fat of slaughtered beasts had to be sent East and then returned as a manufactured article. By making the soap and candles in Denver the heavy freightage would be saved. He had no doubt that I had many English friends who would like to invest some money in such a profitable venture. He was anxious to take the management of the concern. I asked him what experience he had had? He admitted that he had had none, but he was confident that he

could make the manufactory a success. No Englishman would ever have made such a proposition, but the self-confidence of the versatile American would at least have made the attempt.

Dr. Robertson, the Chancellor of the Diocese of Rochester, was one of my neighbors. Through him I was made a Surrogate—the official to issue marriage licenses. On one occasion I was the Archbishop's Official for granting a Special License for the rare event of solemnizing a marriage in a private house. Of course, there were circumstances which influenced his Grace in issuing the license, and it was the only instance of the privilege which has ever come under my personal notice.

In endeavoring to help one of the Chancellor's sons in a scientific matter, I was brought into contact with Dr. Percy, whose great book on Iron was then an authority. He was the Director of the Ventilation of the House of Commons. One day he took me down into what we should ecclesiastically call the Crypt of the Houses of Parliament. The suction of the air was produced, as it used to be in mines, by a fire at the bottom of the Victoria Tower, which caused an up-draft so that the used air was continually and gently drawn out of the House at such a pace as not to produce a draft. Walking along a corridor we came to some roughish-looking wooden steps enclosed with whitewashed boards, a door closing the stairway. The Doctor, who was an unusually tall man, took a key out of his waistcoat pocket and opened the door. Looking at me for a moment, and putting his finger on his lips, he began to ascend, and following him I found myself under the grating which supported Her Majesty's Ministers. There were two chairs on which we sat, and I could have touched the sole of Mr. Gladstone's foot as he was speaking. Shortly after, Mr. Balfour, who was then the young man of the Ministry, made a short address, when the great man of science leaned over to me and said: "Mr. Hart, what stuff these Ministers do talk."

Of course I have known some great preachers. CANON

MILLER, when he was Vicar of Greenwich, I have often listened to for an hour and a half, and the time seemed no longer than an ordinary sermon. He was not what you would call an eloquent man, but he had a singular capability of making you think that he was dealing with a very abstruse subject which you were readily and clearly understanding, and you were so pleased with the performance of your own mind that you sat, if not entranced, at any rate in a state of pleasurable excitement. He always commanded enormous congregations, but he lacked organization, so that when he went "the way of all flesh" his successor told me that he could only find one old woman who showed any signs of the fruit of his Ministry.

A very different story could have been told of him in his younger days, when he was the Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham, and saved the city from panic as he managed the affairs of the great bank whose failure almost ruined the community.

I cannot say that Liddon's sermons moved me; they were too academic. Of course, as literary compositions filled with theological lore they were masterpieces, but they were lacking in pathos; but this lack was probably due to the great area of St. Paul's—you cannot lower or soften the voice when preaching to ten thousand people.

The man to whom I owe more as a sermonizer is JAMES VAUGHAN of Brighton.

The Rev. James Vaughan, of Christ Church, Brighton, was a man of small stature, and when I knew him he must have been half a century old. He had about the worst possible delivery as a preacher, completely impassioned in his style and with such faulty pronunciation that unless you listened with great care, and were somewhat familiar with his voice, you could barely understand him.

The service was of the plainest, and for years there was no organ. And yet his was the only church in which I have stood in the aisle throughout the whole service, unable to find

a seat. His power lay in his deep spirituality, his profound knowledge of the meaning of the Word of God, and the simplicity of its application to every-day life.

There was a printer in Brighton named Verrall, who took down everything Mr. Vaughan said in short hand and published it. He was powerless to prevent the injustice, for the law, as it then stood, considered the sermon public property; and you could only prevent such piracy by having it printed before it was delivered and entered at Stationers' Hall. When it is remembered that Mr. Vaughan had taken a first class at Oxford, it is a guarantee that his knowledge was accurate and his treatment logical.

If ever there was an illustration of Samson's proverb, "Out of the eater came forth meat," Mr. Verrall's piratic dissemination of Vaughan's sermons is the most apt. Thousands of clergymen all over England were vastly benefited, and not a few of them reproduced his sermons intact, which was especially laudable in lay-readers, who are forbidden to preach their own discourses. I have six volumes of "The American and Anglican Pulpit Library," published by Pott, of New York, which contains sermons for every Sunday in the year, and there are one hundred and sixty of Vaughan's in the collection.

Spurgeon I heard first when he was a mere boy at Bradford. He had already a great reputation. It is difficult to account entirely for his extraordinary popularity. His appearance was commonplace, and even vulgar. You cannot say he was eloquent. His language was the language of Pilgrim's Progress, the best and purest English. There was not the slightest difficulty in understanding what he meant. You felt as if he were addressing you personally, and you only. His great words were those of John Wesley, "You and now." Monckton Milnes' criticism probably reveals the secret of his success. He said, after listening to one of Spurgeon's sermons

at the Tabernacle, "He came up a hair-dresser's assistant, he went down an inspired apostle."

Inadvertently, I owe him a considerable debt. The Thursday night before the Archbishop's examination for my ordination I went to the Tabernacle to hear the great preacher. You had to be there before the doors were opened to secure a good seat.

As I was standing in the crowd someone said, "Mr. Spurgeon is not here tonight." "Then," said I, "I am going home," when an elderly lady just before me, turned and said, "You will hear a good man, sir, and I will give you a seat in my pew."

And, fortunately, I accepted her invitation. For a venerable Baptist minister preached on the text, "Let me go and bury my father," and the Lord's rejoinder, "Let the dead bury their dead"; which he said were two Oriental proverbs, which meant, of course, "I have a very particular piece of business to attend to." And the answering proverb, "See to that which is alive and pressing first."

When the papers were put before us by the Archbishop's examining Chaplain, the very first question was to explain these two texts. As I had never seen so satisfactory an explanation in any commentary, I should have been unable to answer, had I not heard the Baptist minister on the previous Thursday night.

Mr. Moody was not unlike Mr. Spurgeon in some particulars. He had a direct mode of personal application which every successful preacher must possess. And he had inspiration, which every body who knows his life remembers that his popularity and influence counted from the day he obtained it.

He once told me an instance, which illustrates and confirms the power of Inspiration. On his first visit to Edinburgh, toward the end of his address, which was on The Power of the Holy Spirit, a power which, he said, could be possessed by any one who persistently asked for it, and to the shame of so many



ministers, be it said, it is not more frequently obtained, he saw a Scotch clergyman rise from the middle of the audience and go out. For the moment he was disturbed, wondering what he had said which had hurt the prejudices of his Scotch audience.

Four days afterwards he saw the same clergyman come back to the same place and he noticed a distinct change in his appearance. After the service he came to Mr. Moody in the ante-room and told him that when he said, that it was the promise of God to give the Holy Spirit to any desiring soul who persistently asked for Him, he determined that he would have the great possession, and he shut himself up in the study for three days and had been indued with the power from on high.

He was the minister of one of the churches in Edinburgh. But the change which had come over him was soon recognized by his congregation. People were drawn to that church in crowds, and although he preached his old sermons, standing room could only be obtained so many "pressed upon him to hear the Word of God," for he now spake with power.

Mr. Moody was one of those rare men to whom you are attracted by actual love. He has gone to a rich reward, and being dead, he yet speaks through the thousands of ministers and missionaries who have been trained in the schools and institute which he founded and which bear his name.

I should like to record an experience which tends to emphasize the fact, that conversion generally requires a distinct act of the will, accompanied and emphasized by some bodily act. It may be even a trivial movement, but such appears necessary to rivet the determination and give it vital force. In the case of the Presbyterian clergyman just related, it was the act of leaving the meeting and locking himself in his study.

When Torrey and Alexander held a series of meetings in the Albert Hall, London, the *Morning Post* gave an excellent report of the proceedings. The paper was highly laudatory and had only one criticism to make; it considered it a flaw upon

an otherwise admirable presentation of the Gospel that Dr. Torrey at the end of his address, invited all such as had determined to give themselves to Christ, to stand up and come down to the front.

The reporter said that this was theatrical and unworthy of the dignity of the subject and it marred its excellent presentation. The next day the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, the well known missionary, wrote a letter to the paper in which he said he had been five years a Canon of Norwich, and that during his three months' residence he had preached to the Nave of the Cathedral full of people; he had preached the same sermons he was accustomed to preach in his missions, and as far as he knew, they had been wholly without effect.

Whereas, at the moment, he was holding a mission at Swansea and that every night they had some seventy-five conversions, because he required those persons who were influenced to stand up and avow it; that it appeared necessary for the registering of the conviction to do even so simple an act as standing up.

And Mr. Aitken asserted that if Dr. Torrey took the advice of the newspaper and abandoned his practice of making the convicted openly avow it, he would in a week's time be preaching to hundreds instead of to thousands.

The newspaper had stigmatized the action as emotional and ephemeral. Mr. Aitken said that he was frequently meeting people in the town who counted their spiritual life from a mission he had held in Swansea thirty-five years before.

This is a significant experience. And we who belong to the dignified Anglican Church ought to take it to heart. I once heard a Canon of Canterbury say that he did not believe that anybody was ever converted to God in a Cathedral. And yet it looks almost incredible that the whole of a glorified Eternity should depend upon so apparently trivial an act as standing up.

And if it be true that some such evidence of a determined will is necessary to confirm the change and give the soul a new

start, the rigid conventionality of our Anglican Church has much to answer for.

Of course, the theory of the Anglican Church is, that all the worshippers are converted people. The essentials of Conversion Repentance and Faith are required before the sign of Baptism, the entrance into the visible church, is administered.

And this is the only theory upon which an act of public worship could be arranged and a Book of Common Prayer formulated. Still the experience of life goes to show that even at Confirmation, at which a definite change is supposed to be ratified, if not consummated, conversion does not invariably take place.

Far be it from me to say that such a change as the quickening of insentient, the passing from death unto life, from darkness to the light, must necessarily be sudden. The passage of thousands of undoubted Christians may have been imperceptible and I have come to look upon what is known as sudden conversion as a special gift of God greatly to be prized, for it stands out in the life as an indubitable evidence of entrance into the family of God.

St. John wrote his first Epistle, probably the closing chapter in the Bible, for the very purpose of enabling us to know positively whether we had experienced the "new creation" and had been "born again." In that Epistle he uses the word "know" twenty-eight times; he does not point us to any such experience as is understood by the word, "Conversion," but he refers us to the facts of life, whether we "love the brethren." He uses the word "Love" thirty-eight times.

In the first chapter of Acts, the habit of Christians is described as consisting of four essentials. St. Luke says, they remained in the "Doctrine of the Apostles," that is, of course, the study of the New Testament, and in "the Fellowship," that is to say, they lived in a communal life, each one "minding the things of the others."

Thirdly, "in the Breaking of the Bread," which was that mysterious act, Instituted by our Lord for confirming and illustrating the actual oneness of the Body of Christ, and "in the prayers" in public worship. The Didache, which was a primer of Christianity of the Apostolic age, sets forward this Fellowship as the prominent idea of the Eucharist.

There is nothing here of Sacrifice which Sacerdotalism has read into the Institution. But "The Teaching" declares that as the grains of corn once scattered over the hills were brought together into the loaf which was again broken and consumed by the Communicants, becoming by eating, incorporated with their bodies, so were they united into the Body of Christ; and becoming actual members of each other were mutually careful of each other's wants and interdependant. It is by the exhibition of this practical Fellowship that St. John tells us, "we may know that we have Eternal life."

It was because the Corinthian Christians ate the supper in cliques, the rich and the smart set at one end of the room and the poor and the slaves at the other, that St. Paul said, they ate to their own damnation for not "discerning the Body." In other words, they did what we are doing, emasculating that idea of Fellowship which is the great teaching of the Gospel of Christ.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *On the Guidance of Life.*

It is one of the prime questions of a clergyman's teachings how to hear and translate the Voice which is promised to us, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand or to the left."

In my own personal guiding whenever I have reached a place which required a decision of great moment, where the difficulty of deciding for the best was increased by one's own likes and dislikes, I have followed an invariable rule which never failed me in practice.

I single out a friend whom I think has good judgment in that particular, and I pray God to give me His answer through the agent I have chosen, and I make up my mind that whatever his reply may be, I shall at once act on it.

To illustrate: After the first Cathedral had been finished some six months, Bishop Spalding told me that I was a failure and a detriment to his work in the diocese, and the best thing I could do for the good of the Church was to go back to England.

Of course, this was a desperate situation, and I was greatly perplexed as to what to do, but I followed my rule. I singled out a man of calm judgment, a lifelong churchman, and who was then as much a friend to Bishop Spalding as to me. And I prayed God to give me His answer through him, determining whatever his answer should be, I would abide by it. I enjoined him to secrecy, not permitting him even to tell his wife the subject of my question.

I then told him the Bishop's conversation and asked him, if he considered it would be for the benefit of the Church, if I and my family returned to England. He was very much astonished and asked if I had forgotten the existence of the Cathedral; if I noticed the large congregations; and what stimulant we had given to the religious interests in the town; all the other denominations were compelled to build great churches, as we had done. I replied, that I was aware of these things, but as nothing was so difficult for a man to know as himself, I thought it was possible I had overrated the evidences of advancement and the Bishop, who ought to know the conditions of his diocese, evidently thought otherwise.

"Well," I said, "Colonel, what is your answer?" He replied: "Of course, if you insist on going back to England you'll have to go. But if you do we shall collapse and the Cathedral will become a white elephant on our hands." Then I said: "Without any hesitation you say I am not to obey the Bishop, and that I am to remain with you." He replied: "Certainly, without a shadow of a doubt." I remained, and it is thirty-five years since that day.

On another occasion, when it had become evident that it would be impossible to educate my six children out here in the West, I considered the question of sending them all home to English schools, and my son to Cambridge, where his forebears had graduated.

Again I selected a banker friend who had a fine judgment in all things. I laid before him the pros and cons. After due consideration, he replied: "I should send them all back." I went straight from his office and bought their passages; the result has shown "the thing was of God."

Sometimes I have had an extraordinary answer from the Bible. When I had seen my family off on the train and returned to the empty Deanery, my mail was on my study table, it was

raining and the cat came and rubbed herself against my leg in sympathy. The empty house seemed desolation itself.

I opened a letter from my sister, Mrs. Garnett, the well known head of the Navvy Mission, who has given her life to the spiritual and material interests of the seventy thousand navvies who as nomads move about England from one place of work to another.

The letter implored me not to send my son so young to Cambridge. She knew the temptations of the University.

I need hardly say that all this greatly shocked my confidence as to whether I had done right. A Bible was lying on the table before me and I said: "Lord, give me comfort out of Thy Word." I opened the Book at random and I only saw one verse, II Samuel xiv:11: "As the Lord liveth there shall not one hair of thy son fall to the earth"; which came literally true.

One of my parishioners, Mrs. Ross-Lewin, was afflicted with tuberculosis of the spine. The affected part could only be reached by a pelvic operation, to which she had submitted twice, and then the mischief seemed to be recurring and, of course, it was a desperate question for her whether she should undergo the operation a third time.

She was a godly woman and prayed for the lifting of her anxiety and sought, as I had done, to have an answer from the Bible. She put her finger in at random and the text under her finger was, *mirabile dictu*, "Do it the third time, and they did it the third time." I Kings xvii:34. The operation was successful, but eventually the white plague took her to the white home.

Another remarkable instance of the same mode of knowing the will of God was told me by my father, of Charles Simeon. My father was one of "Simeon's lambs," as the adherents of that truly great man were called in derision at Cambridge.

Those were dark days and Simeon, a Fellow of Kings, was the solitary light-bearer. It scarcely seems credible that when

a few men met for the study of the Greek Testament, they were mobbed and stoned.

Simeon was Vicar of one of the churches in the town. So antagonistic were the parishioners to the vigorous preaching of the Gospel that they locked the doors of the pews, which were private property, and "went with the house." So Mr. Simeon built galleries round the church, and there was the singular sight of a church with the galleries crowded and the pews in the body of the church empty.

Coming to his rooms one Sunday night after an unusually stormy day, a mob had jeered and pelted him as he left. He wondered if it were God's will that he should persist amid such violent opposition. He sought for an answer from the Word. His Greek Testament was on the table and he, too, put his finger towards the end of the book as he supposed, that he might possibly get advice from some practical verse in the Epistles.

But the Testament was upside down, his finger was in the Gospel of St. Matthew and covered the verse, "Him they compelled to bear his cross" (St. Matthew xxvii:32). And right manfully did he bear it. Before he died he was the revered man in the university; and at the end they bore his coffin, shoulder high, four times round King's College Square, followed by all the dignitaries of the university, who rendered well deserved homage to a faithful and unselfish life well and honorably lived.

The indisposition to believe that such incidents as these are any other than accidental coincidences, and not caused by the direction of a Spiritual Intelligence as well as significant answers to definite prayer, arises from the fact, that they may be classed as miraculous; and the atmosphere of the scientific age through which we have just passed is adverse to believing that there ever can be interference with the workings of nature.

All definitions of miracles, simple or elaborate, contain for their essence, that a miracle is an inroad into the ordinary



working of the course of nature: it is an interference with a natural sequence.

One day I was in the train with a Jewish Rabbi, who belongs to the Reformed Jews, who are practically Unitarians and Materialists. Our conversation turned on the miracles of the New Testament, for which he proffered all kinds of explanations, remarking: "You know, Dean, there can be no such thing as a miracle, that is, an interference with the well defined law of nature."

I asked him if he had ever considered the remarkable fact, that the point of the maximum density of water was seven degrees above its freezing point? He said he had not. I then reminded him that it was a universal law of nature that all things contract as their temperature falls; that there was only one exception to this general law, which water obeyed until it reached a temperature of thirty-nine and a half degrees Fahrenheit and then although there is no alteration in any of its qualities, it disobeys the law and begins to expand until it becomes ice at thirty-two degrees.

The consequence of this extraordinary fact is, that the heaviest water, that of a temperature of thirty-nine and a half degrees, sinks to the bottom of lakes and rivers and is warmer than the water which turns into ice at the surface. Of course, if this were not so, if freezing were to begin at the bottom, in a single winter all fresh water would become solid ice, to the extinction of all fresh water fish in temperate zones.

There can be only one explanation of this phenomenon which is a palpable interference with a law of nature, that is a miracle, which is, that a Being who has the capability, interfered with the operation of the law at that point, because if He had not done so, huge detriment must have ensued to a large area of his Creation.

The Rabbi had nothing to say. It is a very curious thing that this fact in nature had not been made more of in the con-

troversy which raged fifty years ago between some scientific men and the leaders of religious thought.

Since those days, however, the prominence into which psychic considerations have forced themselves have largely modified scientific views of matter. And the antagonistic position of science against religion has almost disappeared.

On of the most indisputable answers to prayer which ever came within the range of my experience occurred in the family of my wife. The youngest sister of the eminent Bishop of Calcutta, Daniel Wilson, was a Mrs. Piper. They were people of substance living at Sydenham, near London. They had several children, and then, after a hiatus of six years, a little boy appeared. They called him Benjamin, the youngest.

It is hardly necessary to say that the house turned about Benny. When he was two years old he was stricken with that unmanageable disease, spinal meningitis. Their wealth brought down from London the leading doctors, who soon pronounced his case hopeless.

When Mrs. Piper, who was an eminently religious woman, opened the Bible to Mark xi:21: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," kneeling down she put her finger on the text and Canon Bateman, who was present, told me that the room shook with the agony of her petition, that God would ratify His promise and give her the life of her child.

Contrary to all medical experience and in a manner that could only indicate the interference of the Most High, Benny lived, but remained an infant for fourteen years. The intimates of the house would go to the nursery to see him where he lay in his cradle attended by a special nurse.

It was thought he knew his mother, but otherwise he showed no signs of intelligence, and when, at the end of fourteen years of chastisement, Benny died there was no one in the household more ready than his mother to say, "Thy will be done."



THE FIRST CATHEDRAL. 1881-1903.



## CHAPTER XII.

### *First Visit to Denver.*

In 1871 I was working unreasonably hard; School, honestly teaching all day till five o'clock; Church, two sermons every Sunday to a congregation largely composed of successful London merchants and professional men; public meetings almost every night to direct committees to organize their charities; writing considerably for Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

I wrote, all too hurriedly, the Geological, Mineralogical and Chemical Articles for their "Popular Educator," a sort of Educational Encyclopedia which had an enormous sale. My articles were about as valuable as the little money I received for them.

All this work was far too much for any man. I lost in weight and sleep, and finally nature called a halt in the Fall by a hemorrhage. But God provided a way of escape, as usual.

One of my congregation called upon me to ask me if I could recommend any friend of mine who would take a long tour with the son of one of his Directors. I recommended him to a barrister whom I knew needed just such a rest. But after an interview with him, he returned again saying that he was hardly the kind of man they were seeking.

I had a little scientific and public reputation and this brought me into contact with several of the London physicians. And here let me record my gratitude to the profession, I have never paid a doctor's bill in my life. It is true I have buried their dead for nothing and freely baptised the children they brought into the world. Still the kindness of many of my medical friends has been unspeakable.

I consulted eight, and I am bound to say they all differed. The last one on the list was Dr. Kidd, Disraeli's physician, and whose waiting rooms were always crowded with patients. One day I went to his office in Finsbury Square. The waiting room as usual was full of a melancholy crowd. I went down the passage to the little room where I knew the great man sat, and when I heard him dismiss his consultee I walked in.

"Hello, Hart, what are you doing here?" "Listen to my lungs, Kidd," I replied, throwing back the lapels of my coat. The great man's stethoscope moved cautiously over my chest and stopped still over the top of my left lung. And then he said, "My dear fellow, I am sorry to tell you that there is half a square inch diseased on the top of the left lung;" and I said to myself, "Thank you for nothing I know there isn't," and I said aloud, "A West Indian merchant has just asked me to take a travel with his son."

The doctor, who was a Plymouth Brother and therefore a man of God, said: "God put it into your way, for you must certainly leave England this winter." "And where shall I go?" I asked. He thought for a moment, and then said, "To San Francisco." And I am afraid I must say if he had chosen any other spot on the face of the globe it would have been preferable; for in that city, owing to the configuration of the coast line, there are four climates a day, one of the changes being a sea-fog. Such a variety of atmospheric conditions cannot be conducive to the relief of any pulmonary trouble.

A complete change being evidently inevitable, I accepted the offer to become a compaignon de voyage to a young gentleman of some twenty-five summers, who had never known anything but prosperity, which had been his evil genius and had led him into a wide excursion into the shady side of life.

He had, however, a charming nature, and we never had a ruffle. And although our views as to the value of money were as wide apart as the poles, he bore what he considered my

absurd economy cum aequo animo and for six months we got on capitally.

We left Liverpool in the Calabria. It being the end of October the sea was not as calm as in July. I happened to be a good sailor, so had leisure to study Dr. Pole's book on Whist, for I had early discovered that White was, of course, an adept at cards, and I knew if I did not take a hand we should often be separated for hours. I was interested in Dr. Pole, he was an eminent engineer. I think he was responsible for the first railway in Japan. He also was a Mus. Doc. and frequently helped me with organ and musical societies.

By the time we neared America and White had got his sea-legs, I was a first rate Whist-player, and I found this accomplishment gave me not a little influence over my companion.

We landed in New York on the ninth of November and found that Mr. Greeley had just been defeated for the Presidency. The banners and election paraphernalia were all novel and greatly amused us.

Besides Mr. White's agent, we only had one introduction, to Mr. Royal Phelps, who very kindly interested himself in us. Of course, clergymen are a brotherhood, and I soon became acquainted with some of my New York brethren, especially with the Rev. Frederick Courtney, at that time the assistant at St. Thomas', who afterwards became Bishop of Nova Scotia and after resigning his diocese was the Rector of St. James', New York, and is still my valued friend.

On the Sunday I went to hear Mr. Beecher, of world renown. I was hardly prepared for the plain and entirely unadorned place of worship; very different from what I had been led to expect of the luxury of a congregation which gave their pastor what sounded to an English ear an enormous income.

I was not at all struck with his address. Clever and theatrical, but it contained no spiritual uplift. After the sermon a number of babies were baptised. It was far from an

impressive service, the congregation making audible comments on the appearance and behavior of the babies.

Mr. Beecher passed round the half circle of parents, followed by, I suppose, a deacon holding a silver bowl of water into which the Pastor dipped his fingers and sprinkled each baby as he came to it, pronouncing with its name the baptismal formula. I think Mr. Beecher was purposely conserving his strength for his evening sermon, which he announced would be "The Fire of Boston," which beloved city was then in conflagration.

Nothing of clerical interest happened to us until we arrived at Niagara. The mighty falls were in the icy fingers of King Winter. The ever rising spray had festooned all the branches of the trees of the neighborhood with clear ice and tons of crystal pillars mounted on either side of the tumbling water.

Of course, all the great holiday hotels were closed, and we found refuge in a Swiss hotel a few yards from the end of the bridge. Mine host was from Berne, he had persistently retained his small Swiss features while everything else prosperity had enlarged so that his tiny eyes, nose and mouth were surrounded by a large frame of red fat flesh.

A small mustache did its best to hide the fact that he was toothless, a sore subject; for one day a Yankee called at the bar and produced some boxes of powder which, according to the vendor's story, could replace decayed enamel and in trice impart a pearly lustre to the dingiest of teeth.

Rosli's teeth even beggared that description; but being still careful of his appearance, he invested in the powder. The Yankee, so good natured was he, applied it with his own finger, and having received our host's money and thanks, recrossed the bridge and was absorbed in his native continent. But alas! in three months the teeth of the confiding Rosli dropped out.

There was only one guest in the inn. Curiously enough he was a Canadian engineer who, when staying with a cousin at Blackheath, had gone with me in the carriage to Greenwich



when I spoke at the Town Hall on behalf of the canvass of Miss Emily Davies for a place on the School Board. This was forty years ago, and I was then anxious that the girls in the Board Schools should be taught sewing and dressmaking. It is proverbial how the women of the working classes are helpless in clothing their children.

We succeeded in electing Miss Davies by a large majority, and as far as I know she was the first woman to occupy a public position.

The law required that the member of the Board who had been elected by the highest number of votes should occupy the chair. It was with no submissive spirit that Canon Miller, "the Lion of Greenwich," had to take the second place.

But to return to our fellow guest, for this is the reason of my mention of him. He was a religious man, and finding himself unable to induce his wife and daughter to live a less worldly life he had ignominiously turned his back upon the contest and run away from his home.

I dare say he reckoned it to be God's providence that he had fallen upon our company. For it is needless to say we argued the whole matter and supplied him with many suggestions which he returned to Toronto to put into practice. Let us hope that God made the members of that family to be of one mind in the house.

I met lately an Archdeacon of Nevada who lived at Reno, a town of evil repute for the laxity of its divorce court. A lady of some wealth sought a divorce from her husband on the ground of cruelty. It was disclosed in court that the cruelty consisted in her husband's continued opposition to her worldly life; that he would, upon her return from some frivolity, read her extracts from the Bible.

The judge ruled that this was cruelty and granted the divorce. The Archdeacon declared that the judgment of God followed them both. Within three months the judge was found

dead in his room, and one evening the woman was sitting in her room in a hotel in Chicago when a man on the opposite side of the court was cleaning his pistol. It accidentally went off, the bullet flew across the court, through the window in her room, struck her in the back and she fell dead.

The Gorge of Niagara is always of great interest to geologists, for it is really one of the very few time measures we have of geological changes.

In the glacial period, when one-fifth of the water in the sea covered the earth with a cap of ice as far south as a line roughly joining New York and San Francisco, the drainage of the great depression filled by the Great Lakes could not go west in its present channels but followed the Wabash into the Mississippi and so into the Gulf of Mexico.

When, however, the ice began to retreat and the Mohawk Valley was cleared, the outlet of the Lakes followed its present channel. As the water came to the edge of the escarpment it formed the Falls of Niagara at a point seven miles west of their present situation.

It so happens that this escarpment is made by a fault in the horizontal sedimentary rocks, the uppermost layer of which is harder than the ones below it, so that the water and the weathering processes eating away the softer rock, slabs of the upper layer fall into the bed below. By this process the Falls have eaten back a gorge seven miles long.

Now, it is possible, from the observation of the settlers in the neighborhood, to make a calculation as to the rate of the erosion. Sir Charles Lyell in 1844 paid a visit to the Falls and he came to the conclusion that they were receding at the rate of a foot a year, so that it had taken 34,000 years to form the gorge. A few years later Mr. Bakewell, another of the fathers of English geology, reviewed Sir Charles' estimate, and upon further investigation concluded that the Falls were retreating at the rate of a yard a year, so that 10,000 years would account

for the making of the gorge. Ten years later Mr. Bakewell's son reviewed his father's conclusions and corroborated them.

In 1889 the American Association for the Advancement of Science held its session at Buffalo and this question was the chief interest in its discussions.

Professor Gilbert, a noted glacialist, was President, and they finally concluded that 7,500 years would be a sufficient time for the erosion; and the President said that "no doubt this period would allow of some reduction." This reduction was subsequently made by Dr. Julius Pohlman, a resident of Buffalo, who pointed out the fact that the Chippewa and the Warotonga, affluents of the Niagara River, were pre-glacial and therefore a considerable portion of the gorge must have been already eroded before the glaciers arrested the process; and he concluded that 3,500 years would be a sufficient time to account for the present condition of the gorge. The question however may still be regarded as unsettled.

Now all this is a prime element in estimating the Antiquity of Man, for there are no indications of the presence of man prior to the glacial period. All stone arrow-heads and implements occur mainly in post-glacial drift; that is, on the banks of the rivers made by the sudden melting of the ice.

Periods of time ascribed by Egyptologists and other antiquaries to their findings are matters of supposition, but the lapse of time indicated by the Gorge of Niagara is a matter of calculation.

The supreme interest attached to this question is the corroboration of the Biblical account of the appearance of Man on the earth. Archbishop Usher's dates in the Bible cannot be far wrong, that is, that the creation of Adam was not quite six thousand years ago.

The cradle of the race was Mesopotamia, and here again the survivors of the Flood established themselves. It must have been in their time that the heat of the sun so increased

as to melt the glaciers suddenly, if the foregoing estimates are correct. We have had since 1855 eight instances of stars, that is, Suns, in our neighborhood suddenly increasing their brilliance and in some cases stars of the thirteenth magnitude have within a few months blazed out to the second magnitude.

If in our sun a similar conflagration had occurred a sufficient heat would have been produced to account for the sudden melting of the ice; but this rise in temperature would greatly affect the pasturage of the flocks and herds of the inhabitants of the plain of Shinar.

They did what we do in hot weather; they moved northwards until they arrived at the very confines of the melting ice. Their metal instruments with years of use must have disappeared and they were compelled by necessity to make weapons out of flints.

We must remember that this art was well known to the primitive peoples. In the laws of Hammurabi there is a regulation as to the fee the surgeon shall charge whether he uses a bronze or a stone knife. They must have brought the art of sharpening stone to a great perfection.

It has been usual to suppose that stone implements were the work of primitive men struggling upwards to a civilization, but it is quite possible that they may have been the work of men who had no metallurgic conveniences and had been reduced by necessity to use stone; men losing rather than gaining a civilization.

It is not a little remarkable that the meanings of the names of the leaders of men preserved for us in the eleventh chapter of Genesis should lend themselves to this supposition.

Of course, the inhabitants of Mesopotamia would try every possible device to preserve pasturage for their cattle before they were compelled to take the violent course of emigrating north. If the meanings of the names were better understood I have no doubt that we would have more insight into the history of the

time than the meagre hints our insufficient knowledge grants us; but Terah the father of Abraham means "cooling," which seems to indicate that the conflagration in the sun was dying down and the next generation resumed its normal habit and picked up not a little of the civilization which the Deluge had destroyed.

Leaving Niagara, in a day or two we found ourselves in Chicago, a city of ruins, for it was the year after the fire.

Dr. Sullivan, the Rector of Trinity, afterwards Bishop of Algoma—where rough life and rough food soon shattered his constitution and he went to the "better land"—was most kind and hospitable. He drove us about the city and took us to the celebrated Stock Yards where we saw that pathetic procession of pigs slowly but inevitably ascending an inclined plane to the top of a four-story building, where they passed into an open door, and before the echo of their final squeal had well-nigh died away, their hams were salted and ready for packing on the ground floor!

One evening Dr. Sullivan took us to a church social where some forty or fifty of his parishioners made "an evening of it." Dr. Sullivan questioned the value of such socials, as I have frequently done since.

When we had seen all we wanted to see of the great Metropolis of the West, White expressed a wish to shoot a buffalo, so we turned into a Western Union Telegraph office and asked an operator if there were any buffalo in the country? at which he smiled and said, "Plenty." "Can you find out for us where there is a herd?" "Yes, if you will pay," was his business-like reply, "come this afternoon." In the afternoon we returned and he said, "There is a herd of buffalo grazing at Wallace, on the K. P." "What might the K. P. be?" I asked, and on being informed that it was the Kansas Pacific Railway, we thanked him and purchased our tickets to Wallace.

We arrived at Kansas City on Sunday. I there found a Fr. Betts, who I afterwards learned had been a Methodist min-

ister in Denver and who had "joined the Church." As usual the pendulum had swung to the other extreme, and I found him a "highfalutin'" Ritualist. He was then operating in a tin tabernacle, with the "six points." He had once been a missionary to the Indians. One day a chief came to him and said, "I am told that the Great Spirit of the White Blankets can cure darkness; I have a dark heart, I want to be cured." Mr. Betts invited him to come to the Service. He came; a prayer was offered up for him and tears ran down his face. Shortly afterwards he stood up and waved his hand—the signal that he was going to speak. It was no use attempting to stop him for when a chief wants to speak, he speaks: "My son went on the war-path; his scalp hangs in the wigwam of a Sioux; my heart grew dark. When the clouds cover the sky it is dark; then the Great Spirit speaks, the rain falls, the clouds go, the sun shines, the birds sing, and all is bright and happy. My heart was dark; the Great Spirit spoke to me, the rain fell, and now my heart is light. I have done."

Fr. Betts gave me my first introduction to an American Bishop, Bishop Lee, the first Bishop of Iowa, with whom I had tea. He was a comely old gentleman, quite in keeping with the democratic sentiments of the country.

In due time we arrived at Wallace, a city of half a dozen wooden houses dabbed down on the interminable prairie, a becalmed ocean of brownish colored land. We were fortunate in finding a hunter, Jerry Gardiner, who had come into the depot with his "meat," the hams of the buffalo wrapped in their skins, which he freighted to Chicago and received four dollars for each "bundle."

Jerry very willingly, for a due exchange of dollars, offered to take us to his camp, some fifteen or twenty miles out on the prairie. The exhilaration, and sense of freedom that ride conveyed, I shall never forget. We found he had a tent and the paraphernalia of a hunter's camp scattered about at the bottom

of an arroya. He was kind enough to allow his guests to sleep in the tent, while he and his cook, and the "skinner," slept under a tarpaulin outside.

The boundless prairie, stretching on every side to the horizon, was dotted here and there with black spots, which were the buffalo peacefully grazing. The moment the sun went down the thermometer fell in sympathy, and how far that useful instrument grovelled in abasement will be best understood by the almost incredible fact, that as we were breakfasting, just as the sun looked above the horizon, as I was eating a piece of buffalo steak, and turned round to sip my coffee which was on the grass beside me, the spoon was frozen in the cup!

I regret to say that I did shoot a buffalo, but there is no more what is understood by sport in that feat than in shooting a cow in a farm-yard. I therefore enjoyed myself in attempting to catch a buffalo calf. In some way it had become lamed and so afforded a fair chance of capture, but just as I was about to grab its tail it spurted forward and pursued that plan of campaign for an hour or so, when I was obliged to confess myself beaten and began to wonder where I was and how I should find my way back to camp. I had heard of men being "plained" and becoming first dazed and then insane, so I determined to fix on a route at a certain angle to my shadow, for I remembered the camp was on a creek which ran at a right angle to the path I had resolved to take. I did not then know how to find the points of the compass by the hands of a watch, which is simply done by turning the hour hand towards the sun, and half way between its position and 12 o'clock is due south. I once was told that Stanley, the African traveller, learned it from a friend he was talking to in Regent Street, and it was news to him. So I set off in my predetermined direction to "strike" the creek. After going for two or three hours I began to doubt; then that assertion came to my rescue—"he that doubteth is damned by his doubt"—and I still remember my relief, as the sun was

beginning to sink I saw the creek. Following its course for three or four miles I arrived at the camp just as the whole party was setting out to find me. They had discharged an arsenal of ammunition, but as far as sound was concerned I might have been all day in the City of the Dead.

In three days we had had enough of buffalo hunting, and Jerry drove us, with another load of "meat," back to the depot. We asked where the train went to and they told us a town called Denver, so we purchased our tickets to Denver. Little did I then think that it would be my home for all these long years.

The Pullman car conductor made a little "on the side" by reporting for the *Rocky Mountain News*. We put up at the Delmonico of the West, the only hostel in Denver which was fit, so the conductor told us, for two such eminent people as we were. How eminent, he let us know next morning in *The News*. He couldn't have said more about the Archbishop of Canterbury than he did about me, and as for White—who had tipped with his usual disregard for money—he was evidently a prince travelling incog. So Denver was made aware that it had two distinguished visitors.

Singularly enough, the clergyman in charge of the little wooden church was a brother of Mrs. Weitbrecht, the noted Indian missionary, whom I happened to know. He called upon us, and of course I must preach on Sunday. Bishop Randall was in the East raising money, which is an annual custom of missionary bishops. Of course to hear so distinguished a clergyman, the little church was full! I prayed that the seed sown might not be in vain, and my prayer was answered in a very different manner from what I hoped.

During the week we went up to Central City, for as I had written the geological articles for *Cassell's Popular Educator*, I was greatly interested in mines. I there saw some of the mines, and Hill's smelter, and on being told that the "matte"



was sent to Swansea, in Wales, to extract the bullion, I remember remarking, "Why in the world don't you get someone out from Swansea to do it here?" This eventually they did, and Mr. Richard Pearce, the eminent metallurgist upon whom Columbia College conferred its Doctor's degree, became the metallurgical authority of the West and directed the processes at Argo, the smelter Senator Hill built for the treatment of the Colorado ores.

Dr. Pearce was one of our distinguished citizens for many years. He was an earnest and liberal supporter of our Cathedral, and his boys sang in the choir. It was a universal regret when he returned to England, where he still survives his long-time partner, Senator Hill, and the generation his genius served so well.

I had translated for *Cassell's* a pretentious French work, Monquin Tandon's "Monde de la Mere." One of the copies happened to be at the booksellers, Chain and Hardy's, on Larimer Street. Somebody discovered it, and I was requested to give a lecture on the zoology of the sea, which I did at Forrester's Opera House, which then occupied the site of the present Daniels and Fisher store.

I preached again on the following Sunday, and left Denver for Salt Lake City, where we spent Christmas.

Salt Lake City was far more Mormon in those days than it is now. I made an attempt to see Brigham Young and I am sorry to say I did not succeed. We attended service on Christmas Day in the red stone edifice which is still there; and Bishop Tuttle preached, arguing for the plurality of the Deity from the fact that love is a relative quality and must have some object on which to expend itself—which the love of the Father found in his Son.

The Bishop was kind enough to give me a hymn book which contained that chant-form for the Gloria in Excelsis so

common in this country, and which I introduced into England. We were in San Francisco the last Sunday in the year.

I had brought a few sermons with me for special occasions, amongst them one for the last Sunday in the year. It was on the text, "God requireth that which is past," but as Dr. Lathrop, the rector, preached on that very text, I declined to occupy his pulpit in the evening. Instead, I went to the Presbyterian church, where I heard a young gentleman in a black tie describe Dr. Chalmers walking out of the Assembly the day of the great Secession. There was a quartet choir which sang offensively with a non-religious insouciance, and this was the last Sabbath evening of the year! I went away heart-sick at an opportunity so lost.

The atmosphere of the city didn't seem to have changed much in a whole generation, for when I was at the General Convention in 1901, they had a male choir, much belauded, in the chief church, which sang with a similar lack of religious feeling; the way they rendered the General Confession sounded almost blasphemy. Bishop Dudley preached on that occasion a sermon which did much to rescue the service from being an offense.

We crossed the Pacific to Japan, en route to China, in a paddle steamer with a walking beam. It took us thirty-one days; sometimes we only made sixty miles a day. It was an anxious question for the officers whether our coal would last. We never saw another vessel except a sister ship, the New York going West, with whom we exchanged papers. Of course we had the usual assortment of missionaries, merchants, and young men going to seek their fortune. The gamblers gambled and the knowing ones fleeced the lambs, and one or two young fellows lost all their capital. The captain and myself had become good friends. He sometimes would consult me in the emergencies which met us. When we neared Japan I said to him, "You are the master of this ship, Captain, the whole and sole authority; these young

fellows have had their fun; isn't it a pity to let them land broken in fortune and without any means of making a start? They will forever after curse the good ship China. Why not come into the smoking room and require the winners to give back their gains so that they may all land with about the same money they had in their pockets when they left?" And that is what the captain did, to the ease and contentment of such of his passengers who played cards, except of course some of the winners who would, if they could, have resisted his authority.

Fortunately for me one of my Blackheath congregation was the financial adviser for the Japanese Government, and this made our stay in Yeddo, as the capital was then called, pleasant and profitable, for Japan was just then emerging from the medieval state and the transition in many particulars was not a little curious. Western manners and customs were the vogue, and the inhabitants were easily induced to buy heterogeneous articles of apparel. I saw one dandy with a considerably worn silk hat, boots with elastic sides, a cutaway coat, a bath towel tied in a bow round his neck, black cotton gloves and a black cotton umbrella under his arm, the rest of his attire being Japanese!

At Yokohama I visited a school kept by two American ladies. There were thirty or forty Japanese women and girls. The wife of the Governor of Yokohama was one of the pupils; her jinrikisha was waiting for her outside the school. They sang for me some hymns in Japanese. That evening I had the honor of dining with sixteen Yokohama merchants. I spoke of my morning's experience in the school. Fifteen of the gentlemen had never heard of it, and the sixteenth said, "And a pretty penny those American women are making out of it"; whereas the missionaries were working for the love of Christ and freely gave what they had freely received. How little we any of us know what is going on in our neighborhood unless we look for it.

I once heard Lord Northbrook, who had been Governor

General of India, say that Christianity had honeycombed the idolatrous beliefs and some day the ancient fabric would fall into ruins, and yet he admitted he had never once been in a Mission Station to examine for himself the source of this great undermining force.

At Shanghai I was fortunate in finding another friend, Mr. Barnes, the agent of the P. & O. Co., who took us everywhere in the neighborhood. We visited a Chinese arsenal some miles up the river. A blue-button mandarin had charge of the works. A week or two before, three Scotchmen who made his gunpowder, in celebrating S. Andrew's Day, had got drunk, set the house on fire and perished in the conflagration. We were ushered into an ante-room; two soldiers mounted guard at its further end, which was hung with curtains—evidently a festive banquet was in progress in the room beyond. In a little time the curtains were drawn and the Prince entered swinging his arms. We were all seated in high chairs against the wall with a little square table between each. Three coolies entered; the first put down a heavy brass saucer holding a white porcelain cup as thin as an eggshell, the next man had a silver tea caddy, out of which he put into the cup three grains of tea with a long silver cayenne spoon, the third man filled the cup with boiling water. The three grains of tea unfurled themselves into three perfect leaves and the water became a light yellow. It had a smooth taste to the palate and emitted a fragrance which passed like incense through the head. I afterwards learnt this was the Mandarin tea at \$34 a pound.

During all this we carried on a conversation through an interpreter. Mr. Barnes introduced me as "a Joss-pidgin man who could make gunpowder"—Joss-pidgin being "pidgin" Chinese for a priest; Joss is a god, and "pidgin," business. This idea was so entirely foreign to the Chinaman's mind that he said three times over, looking at me, "Joss-pidgin man make gunpowder?" When he had grasped the idea he pointed at me



THE RUINS OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL.



with his long nails, and said, "You stay here with me." Mr. Barnes profusely apologised and said my presence was required in London.

We went two hundred miles up the Yang-tze-kiang, in an American river-boat, as far as Chingkiang. Here the vessel had to remain a day or two. I went on shore and ascended a hill which was crowned by a very extensive Joss-house. Vespers were going on. Forty-five Buddhist priests followed their abbot in single file with a measured tread. The abbot, an old shaky-looking man, was dressed in a gaudy red velvet shabby skirt and a sombre colored toga. His monks wore gray robes, and over the shoulder a dirty yellow mantle, white stockings and shoes, and black mitres on their heads. They walked before the idol in the figure eight, chanting the name of Buddha. Their Liturgy, which is in Sanskrit, was brought over from India by word of mouth; they have no notion of what the sounds mean. A bell with a wooden clapper sounded and at certain parts a large drum was struck, and then they all prostrated themselves together. It was a solemn, sad sight. The setting sun calmly falling on the great gilded idols, the censer faintly smoking, the priests slowly moving, the curious, weird chant, and all for what? or to what?

The City of Yang Chow was in the distance and although it was well in sight I had the greatest difficulty in finding a path—and there were many—that led to the bridge across the canal. It is almost impossible to go from one Chinese city to another without a guide, for the Chinese have an extraordinary notion that Evil Spirits, which are the bane of a Chinaman's life, will only go on straight lines, and therefore all streets and paths turn and twist in an unconscionable manner. And besides, the Chinese are a stay-at-home people. Archdeacon Moule when travelling in North China, neared a city of some 100,000 inhabitants. Not being sure of his way, he asked a Chinese gentleman who was leaning against the wall of his gar-

den, in the outskirts of a village through which he passed, to be good enough to direct him. The Chinaman replied that he didn't know. The Archdeacon asked him if he had never been to the city, and with an air of astonishment the Chinamar replied, "No, why should I? I live here."—An apt illustration of that sentiment which has kept that vast population in statu quo all these centuries.

When I did reach the city I was all but hooted by a curious mob. No doubt I was called a Foreign devil—if I had known the language. Coming to an open space in which the streets seemed to converge, there was an appalling stench which overtopped the multifarious smells which permeate any Chinese town, and looking about me I saw a coffin with the end knocked in, right in the middle of the traffic. I afterwards learned that a Chinaman invariably consults a soothsayer as to the lucky place where a coffin should be deposited. If for any reason the mystery-man bears a grudge, he will indicate an inconvenient spot—as he had done in this instance. A human being is supposed to have three souls. At death one joins his ancestors and receives worship in the ancestral tablet; another remains in the ambient of his house; and the third lives in the coffin in whose lid there is a small round hole by which it can go in and out, and if the coffin is placed not according to its liking, it will bring trouble upon the family—hence the consultation with the soothsayer.

I saw two or three young people with the small-pox eruptions still out upon them and I quickly got me from that Chinese town. I suppose that long familiarity with unsanitary conditions had rendered them more immune than a delicate Westerner was likely to be.

One day on the steam launch, Mr. Barnes said that his interpreter, Yen, was a Christian, and his father also. My conversation with Yen is a sample of pidgin-English.

"Yen, are you not a Christian?" "Me? No." "Is not



your father a Christian?" "No." "What are you then, a Buddhist?" "No." "A Taoist?" "No, me no religion, going to take one soon, perhaps this year." Next day Mr. Barnes came across Yen's father; he asked him, "What Joss-pidgin you b'long?" "Me b'long one piecee-Joss." "How fashion one piecee, you no b'long all samee 'nother Chinaman?" "No, my no too muchee likee Chin-Chin plenty Joss. My got one piecee top-side; he can sabee anything my do; s'pose my do bad pidgin, he bobbery my by-and-by; s'pose my do good all proper, tluly my no can cheatee you; s'pose I cheatee you, he sabee."

The Chinaman's sobriquet for a Bishop is Number one Joss-Pidgin Man.

All the Chinese boats have two eyes painted on the bow, and a Chinaman says syllogistically:

"No got eye, how can see?

No can see, how can sabee?

No can sabee, how can catchee dollar?"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### *Hindu Peculiarities*

The P. and O. steamer which took us from Bombay to Suez was freighted with the usual cargo of Indians returning home. Judge Turner, an Appeal Judge, told me one or two interesting traits of the Indian character.

When on the North Circuit, he inspected the prison at Allahabad. He found sixty boy murderers who had been taught English by a soldier who was serving a term of four years. He asked one of the most proficient what he was there for? The boy, with a subtle Indian reply, said, "A suit." "Criminal or Civil?" asked the Judge. "Criminal," the boy replied. "What was the cause of the suit?" pursued the Judge. "Jewels," the boy answered. "So you killed your playmate for his jewels, did you?"

Then Judge Turner asked him, "Are you sorry for what you have done?" And the boy looked at him with a blank expression. Then he asked in his native language, "Have you any sorrow in your heart for killing him?" Again the boy seemed at a loss to reply and finally the Judge said, "Do you know you have done wrong?" And the lad replied, "I suppose so or I shouldn't be here." A curious psychic study that a boy who had committed murder was hardly conscious of his tremendous sin.

He gave me an illustration of the singular subtlety of the Indian mind. A man conceived the idea of ousting the owner of a large estate. With this object in view he commenced ficti-

tious proceedings against suppositious farmers on the estate, having them carefully registered in the records of the court.

Of course, every case was undefended and judgment given for the plaintiff. He pursued the deceptive course for sixteen years and then brought a suit of ejectment. The action was tried in a local court and the magistrate gave judgment for the plaintiff which would have deprived the legal owner of his estate. Of course, he appealed. The case was retried by Judge Turner. With such an array of evidence to support the case of the would-be thief the judge felt inclined to establish the ruling of the court below.

It so happened a public holiday occurred next day and the judge took his gun to shoot some pheasants. He wandered near a village and asking its name, he remembered that this was one of the villages on the estate whose ownership he was trying.

He called a man and questioned him as to the rotation of crops in certain fields in sight, of which he made careful notes. Next day when court was convened he recalled some of the witnesses and examined them. They soon revealed their ignorance of the facts of the estate. This was the means of disclosing the whole fraud and securing the rightful owner.

Bombay is the rendezvous of the Parsees. Here eighty thousand of this peculiar people reside permanently. I travelled with one of them from Singapore in my cabin and when he removed his silken coat to wash his hands before meals he took off from around his neck a gray cord something like one of our watch guards only it carried no watch.

He remained standing silently holding the cord with both hands. I ventured one day to ask him, "What are you doing?" He then showed me a prayer book with some admirable Collects, one of which he said when he washed his hands. He prayed that as he was about to clean his hands so might the Eternal Spirit clean his soul.

It was a remarkable sight on the strath at Bombay as the

sun was setting, to see hundreds of them with prayer books in their hands saying their evening devotions, as the King of day dipped beneath the horizon. Then they gathered in family groups surrounding a lantern by whose light they played games similar to chess.

It is very remarkable to find eighty thousand absolutely clean and moral people amidst the extraordinary immorality of an idolatrous country. Few people conceive the impurity of the very atmosphere of India.

The Hindu editor of a native paper lately wrote: "Abomination worship is the main ingredient of modern Hinduism. Our priesthood is the mainstay of every unholy, immoral and cruel superstition and custom. Our temples are a festering mass of vice."

The Lord Bishop, Dr. Douglass and the Archdeacon would have me preach on Easter Sunday in the Cathedral. It was a curious sight to see punkhas swinging from one side to the other of the long Nave being pulled by men outside. The pulpit was new and it had not been provided with the inevitable fan. I was never so hot in my life; and when I had finished I could not have had a dry thread upon me. The Bishop wore his scarlet Convocation robes and I wondered if he wore anything else.

His chaplain, Mr. Spear, who had been in India twenty-six years, was kneeling on the chancel step to my right. I turned slightly to see how he was getting on. There was a pool of water on the next higher step which had run off from the top of his head and I said to myself, "If he has been melting like that for twenty-six years I can stand it for twenty-six hours."

Hot as was Bombay Cathedral it was not so exacting as the Red Sea, but people whose avocations require them to live in the torrid zone adopt all kinds of expedients to render life comfortable, and in the main they succeed.

There were many attractions to while away the monotony

of a perfectly smooth passage. At night the sea was filled with phosphorescent medusæ, and the wake of the steamer was often a sea of fire; and the dew was a marvel, the awnings would pour with water as if a furious rain was falling from a cloudless sky.

A cable at Aden bid me hurry home, for as it turned out I had left my school to the care of a knave and my church to a fool and it was only by the consummate skill of my dear wife that things were held together.

But, through God's boundless mercy, I reached Blackheath in perfect health on the 4th of May, 1873, and with the reins in hand the chariot righted and things went on once more prosperously.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *On to Denver.*

In a letter from my dear friend, Mr. Charles D. Cobb, he says: "On this side the Atlantic all the indications of Providence point toward you and seem to favor your coming. You, an entire stranger and foreigner, visiting us briefly, have been held in almost affectionate memory for six or seven years, and your name is first upon the lips of all those who then met or heard you, whenever the question of a Rector comes up. We knew not whether you were living or dead, married or single, 'High' or 'Low,' famous or obscure, but the feeling was unanimous and almost an ardent longing."

Every now and then someone would write to me about my returning. I received a long letter from a Mr. Hiller, who sent it to McMillan—he had seen an article of mine in one of McMillan's magazines—and it was forwarded to me by that publishing firm. Finally the vestry made a deliberate attempt. They wrote to the Bishop of London, who appears to have given them a flattering account of me and my doings. He sent on their letter to my bishop, the Bishop of Rochester, who replied:

"The Bishop of Rochester presents his compliments to Mr. Cobb. The Bishop of London has sent him Mr. Cobb's letter, with reference to Mr. Martyn Hart, who lives in the Diocese of Rochester, and the Bishop, to save everybody concerned trouble, has thought it advisable to sound Mr. Hart as to his readiness to cross the Atlantic in case an invitation should reach him from the Churchman of Denver.

Mr. Hart, while feeling much gratified by the kindly recollection entertained of him, prefers to remain in his native country."

Humanly it seemed an absurd thing to contemplate. I was the Head of a lucrative school, and I had a flourishing congregation of the kindest people possible. Among them they had every luxury; game preserves, trout streams, yachts, sea-side houses, all of which I was welcome to share with them. And more than all a young family of six children and all our kith and kin in England. I do not wonder that when it came to my actual starting, the manager of the Joint Stock Bank, the largest bank in London, urged my dear friend and Churchwarden, Mr. Pembroke, to go with him to a Master in Lunacy and get an order to lock me up in an asylum for six months until I came to my senses! But I was an officer in a big army and I became convinced that I had received orders to go to Denver, and I was thankful that the order had not been the centre of Africa.

On the 8th of May, 1879, the vestry gave me a definite "call," and offered me a salary of \$4,000 a year—double what they had been accustomed to give. Some of my London friends, notably Mr. Petter, the publisher, had taken a hand to see that I was secure of a sufficient income to live upon; and then Bishop Spalding finding I was not altogether averse to coming, wrote voluminously assuring me of success, a new church, and \$8,000 a year if I needed it! He saw in my coming a hope of establishing a Cathedral system which an unfortunate disagreement with my predecessor had prevented. The Bishop's plan sounded to me eminently sensible. It was indeed a return to the medieval system, when the Church was at the zenith of her power and usefulness. Its main device was the governance of the Church by a Bishop and Chapter, which anybody could see would be more likely to be wisely governed—"for in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom"—than if everything emanated from

the Bishop himself. And then in those days of missionary zeal, a staff of priests maintained at the Cathedral centre could work outlying missions which were too weak to support a clergyman of their own. This seemed to me a plan admirably adapted for a new country being rapidly populated, so I intimated to the Bishop that anything I could do to further such a project I would and lend it all my devotion and energy.

I was to be the Dean.

We all of us argue from the knowledge of our surroundings. Indeed, Locke's philosophy has always been accepted—that all our ideas come from sensation and reflection—and therefore, I having the sensation of knowing certain Deans in England, naturally supposed that the ecclesiastical dignity was equally well known and established in the American Church. Little did I think that the title was a novelty and only one or two venturesome clergymen dared to assume it. And even now, after some thirty Deans have come into existence, who are the Rectors of edifices some of them quite comparable with the cathedrals of the Old World, the Church speaking through the General Convention professes itself blind as regards Deans. The late Dean Grosvenor, who would have presided over the fourth Cathedral in the world, as regards size, was never given his title in the legal assemblies of the Church.

For many years I was the butt of Eastern dignitaries, and often would I have disclaimed any wish to retain a title I never coveted but which was imposed upon me by the Bishop as part of his scheme, only an Englishman is sometimes likened to a bull-dog, who even if he seizes a rag with his teeth refuses to let go. I shall have a good deal to say about this Cathedral system later on.

In May, 1879, the Vestry cabled, "Draw five hundred dollars and come and see us." Now whenever anybody tells me to draw such a sum I have an imperative desire to do it, so I immediately set out, and was here for ten days in June. Two



notable men died that week: Cardinal Manning, and Prince Napoleon, who was killed by the Zulus. I now confess that I came with a strong hope that I should find some insuperable obstacle to my leaving London and coming here to reside, but I could find none save loss of income. Everybody was as kind as possible. People were arriving in Denver literally by thousands, and subscriptions which sounded to me very large, for building the new Church, were offered on every hand. The field was enormous and "white already for the harvest," and what could I do but say that as soon as I could find a suitable man to take my School, and Church, I would weigh anchor and set sail.

On my way out to Denver I stayed for a Sunday with a Mr. Stevens, on Long Island, with whom I had made acquaintance on the voyage to China. I wanted to take counsel with him as to the propriety of my making the change. On Sunday he took me to their little Union Church, where the service was conducted by George William Curtis. We sang a hymn or two, then he read a portion of Scripture, then he proposed silent prayer, while a ditty was played on a very indifferent organ; then he read a sermon, I think by Dr. Arnold. After service Mr. Stevens introduced me to Mr. Curtis, who was anxious to know what I thought of the service. I told him I should describe it as a molluscous service. He said, "Why so describe it?" I replied, "Because it had no back-bone—no common prayer." Of course Mr. Curtis was a highly educated man, very much of the Matthew Arnold type.

I sailed home in the *Britannic*, with Captain Edward Smith, with whom I became very friendly. One day standing on the bridge, we were in the neighborhood of ice and I asked him what his custom was in such water? He said, "I go as fast as I can for by so doing I shorten the time of danger, and if we are so unfortunate as to strike a 'berg, it would only be a matter of three minutes difference in going down, between low speed and high speed." He had evidently held to his custom

when he Captained the Titanic, and went to the bottom with that palatial ship.

Never have I doubted for a single moment that my coming to Denver was "of the Lord," for I soon found a very learned man who had been the headmaster of the Naval School at Greenwich, where they had six hundred boys, to whom with a quiet conscience I could leave my School, and my Church. I need not say it was a tearing up of the roots, but the people insisted on paying our way with three hundred guineas; and after a safe journey, eleven of us—six children, a governess, and two maids—arrived in Denver on a Saturday, which was Michaelmas Day, 1879; and we at once experienced the thoughtful kindness of our new American friends, for they had taken a furnished house for us, spread an ample dinner, and left us to ourselves.

I very soon had an experience of the strange vagaries of the American press, its extraordinary irresponsibility and utter recklessness. I have often chided a reporter for their want of accuracy and indeed patent truth, and I am generally met with the astounding assertion: "My editor doesn't care for truth, he wants interest."

We had a very large house at Blackheath, as is essential for a household of some hundred, so when the children found themselves in a small, compact house, they were delighted with the change—for change is one of the pleasures of life—and they compared it to a doll's house, which is the ideal pleasure of every nursery. In a few weeks somebody sent me an Eastern paper which said that the Church people of Denver had imported a minister from London, and had housed him and his family as they thought pleasantly enough, but which his children described as a "dog's house"!

I have often had to bear vituperation from the newspapers, but I consoled myself with the satisfactory reflection that I have never lost an opportunity of "putting their sins in the

light of their countenance," and I flatter myself that at least in Denver, my constant criticisms have not been without effect. The newspapers nowadays are much more careful as to accuracy than they were thirty years ago.

I found everybody kindness itself, and only too willing to bear with the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of foreigners. Bishop Spalding was as delighted as anybody at my arrival, and in a day or two gave me a document written with his own hand and sealed with the large Episcopal seal, by which he evidently intended to put into authoritative form his suggestions for the working of the city from a Cathedral centre which he had elaborated in his correspondence with me. It is worth quoting:

"In the Name of God, Amen.

"It being understood and agreed that St. John's Church, Denver, shall be the Cathedral Parish and that the new St. John's Church to be erected thereby shall be the Cathedral Church of the City of Denver and Jurisdiction or Diocese of which Denver shall be the See City, therefore we, John F. Spalding, D.D. by Divine permission Bishop holding and exercising Jurisdiction in the said City and in the State of Colorado, do on condition of said understanding and agreement, appoint our well-beloved, the Rev. H. Martyn Hart, M.A., Rector Elect of the said Church to be the Dean of the Cathedral and of the City of Denver, and Rural Dean of the Deanery of Denver embracing Northern Colorado; and saving and reserving all our rights, privileges, powers and prerogatives as Bishop of the said City and Jurisdiction, do assign and grant unto the said Rev. H. Martyn Hart, M.A., as Dean aforesaid, the chief place and pre-eminence in the conduct and management of the Missions and Mission work of the said City and vicinity and among the Trustees of the Cathedral Schools, Wolfe Hall, Jarvis Hall, and the Denver Theological School composing and constituting the Cathedral Chapter. And we appoint him, the

said Rev. H. Martyn Hart, M.A., Professor, Teacher and Lecturer in the said Schools, it resting in his discretion to give such time and attention to these duties as he shall think fit; the object of said appointment being to unite all our Parochial, Missionary, Educational and Charitable work in and in the vicinity of the City of Denver under a thoroughly effective Cathedral System and organization, to the building up and strengthening of the said St. John's Parish and the work of the Church in all its branches in the See City and the Jurisdiction or Diocese.

"Given under our hand and Episcopal Seal, this second day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine and in the sixth year of our Episcopacy.

"JOHN FRANKLIN SPALDING,

"Bishop of Denver and Colorado."

A Mission is the seedling of a Parish, and of course by giving me control over the missions I had the direction of the stream at the fountain-head. There were then two missions in the city—Emmanuel and Trinity—the former is a mission yet, none of its numerous Vicars have been able to make it stand on its own legs as a parish. Trinity was in the outskirts of the city in a northerly direction. I did what I could for both of them; held a Bible class every week in Emmanuel, and preached every Sunday afternoon in the other. I soon became aware of the attitude of the resident clergy. They were in no mood to take the slightest direction from me, and the Bishop, who was really a kindly man and averse to anything approaching coercion, never liked to interfere, nor indeed did he ever tell them that he had given me the ecclesiastical authority over the city. No wonder therefore was it that they looked upon my ministry in their Churches as an intrusion. I noticed that the gentleman in charge of Trinity would go up to the altar immediately at the close of the service and empty out the few

coins in the alms plate and put them in his pocket, and I began to suspect that he did this fearful that I should appropriate them if they were brought as usual into the vestry. I very soon found that to carry out the Bishop's idea of a Cathedral system would be a very difficult, if not an impossible, thing, owing to the opposition of the clergy. I therefore turned my attention to building the Cathedral.

## CHAPTER XV.

### *My First Marriage Ceremony.*

Of course I enquired under what conditions a marriage could be performed. I found it was the law of the Church that the innocent party to a divorce might be married again, but to decide that question the Court records must be produced and the permission of the Bishop secured; and it was the law of the State, that there could not be a marriage between first cousins.

I went down to the church on the first Thursday night after my arrival, for choir practice. I was met at the door by a tall Scotchman who asked if I was the minister. He said two of his friends wished to be married. I asked where they were, and pointing with his thumb over his shoulder into the church, said, "Right here."

On entering I found the happy couple, a small man with gold spectacles, about forty, and a lady to match of large dimensions, clad in an ulster.

I bowed and asked if they had been divorced or if they were cousins. The bridegroom answering me in the negative, I intimated if they would place themselves before the altar rails I would vest myself and perform the ceremony. The little vestry was a corner shut off by the organ and having a door out into the street, my predecessor calling it "The Cave of the Winds."

On presenting myself before the couple, I commenced the Service. I remember her name was Formosa. All went in an

ordinary manner until I reached the vow of the woman, "Wilt thou love, honor and obey." Then the scene was changed.

She thrust her arm out its full length with her forefinger within an inch of my nose. She had her fingers covered with diamond rings and so startled was I that I thought she had a six-shooter and I remember saying to myself, "If ever you were brave, now is your time," and dropping my eye upon her hand I somewhat recovered my nerve. With the movement she said very emphatically, "I object to that word." We remained in statu quo, a kind of tableau vivant, and I said, "Madam, unless you say the word I shall not proceed with the Service."

The Scotchman attempted to break the deadlock. "You know Sir, they sometimes object to that word in the old country." "That may be," I said, "but unless you say the word, I cannot proceed with the Service." Then the bridegroom intervened, "If you say the word, Dear, I shall not exact the promise." Then she said, "Under those circumstances I say 'Obey.' " with a wag of her finger.

I have before remarked in these Reminiscences, how singular a thing it is that a vein of evil or at least disturbance often seems to run through the history of a person or even a thing.

It was eminently so in this case. When we retired to the Vestry, I looked about for a Record book, which was not there, but in the drawer of the little wash-hand stand there was a form of Certificate which I filled in, according to its directions

"What am I to do with this I wonder?" Our Scotch friend replied, "You'll have to record it at the Recorder's office, which I shall be pleased to do if you will give it to me." And with that he put it in his pocket and the party departed.

It may have been a year or two afterwards that I was going East and I found myself in the Pullman car at Pueblo. In those days the Pullman cars were dark and gloomy, especially when standing in a depot. A gentleman motioned to me and I followed him to the end of the car where you washed your hands.

I then saw that it was Dr. Hoffman, the quondam bridegroom. "Have you Mrs. Hoffman with you, Doctor?" "Yes, she is in there," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder. "You're going to Kansas City, Dean? She'll die before you get there, for she has a very enlarged heart, do you mind sending me a wire to say she is dead?"

"But my dear Sir, under such circumstances, you surely ought to accompany her." "No, I have some particular business to attend to in Pueblo, and I really can't, here's my card, Dean"; and with that he was off the train.

Going back into the car I found the lady and squeezed myself into the little room in the seat she left me, for her shadow had not grown any less since our first meeting. After some casual greetings, I asked where she had the brandy bottle. She pointed to her satchel, which she opened and I satisfied myself that it was handy.

I grieve to say that her language was very far from that which you would expect from a person in the imminent danger of death; and do as I would I found myself unable to bring her to serious thought.

Just as we were nearing Kansas City, she was seized with a convulsion and was in great danger of collapse, but the brandy restored her and I was greatly relieved to leave her, as she said, "All right" in the hotel.

I had not, however, as yet, done with the Hoffman's. It was some eight years afterwards, when one day I found a stranger looking about the Cathedral. He made some inquiries concerning the Chancel windows, then he said, "I see you have forgotten me, Dean," and looking at him, it was Dr. Hoffman. "Where is she, Doctor?" "I left her at St. Louis, and as she knew I was coming through Denver she wanted me to call on you and see if she was properly married."

"Never was there a woman more married. I remember every detail of that extraordinary service." "But did you record



the certificate?" "No, do you not remember that your Scotch friend put it in his pocket, saying he would record it?" "Yes, so he did," the Doctor replied, "but he went home and shot himself, and I took it out of his pocket and here it is," handing me the paper.

At the bottom of the page there was an intimation in italics that if the Minister who performed the ceremony failed to record it within thirty days, he was to be fined and if he persisted in his negligence, he was to be imprisoned.

We had then a Recorder whose reputation for honesty was none of the best; I made my appearance in his office the next day and remarked, "There are some people in this city who are out of jail who ought to be in and there are some in who ought to be out." Handing him the paper, I drew his attention to the facts it disclosed; that I was badly in need of a rest and that if he would see, with as little publicity as possible, that I went to jail for the prescribed time, I would gladly go at the expense of the State. Since then I have entirely lost sight of the Hoffmans.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### *The Building of the First Cathedral.*

When it was noised abroad that we were about to build a Cathedral I received a letter from an English lady residing in the East, which warned me to be careful, for I should find that promises made here were not as sure of realization as they were in England. But I gratefully bear my friends in Denver witness, that, with one solitary exception, every promise or undertaking has been duly ratified and they have in one way or another supplied nearly half a million for the Lord's work.

Now I look back at the building of the Cathedral it astonishes me how easily it was done. It will be remembered that my predecessor resigned when he found himself unable to secure subscriptions amounting to \$10,000, and when we opened the Cathedral within two years of its inception we had spent \$120,000, of which we only owed \$25,000. The present Cathedral with the land and Chapter House cost some \$360,000, of which we owe about \$80,000 and the prospect of its liquidation is well in sight.

The Bishop had acquired the property which was afterwards the Cathedral Close, by purchasing a note of \$2,000, then secured by this land and owned by the widow of a pioneer. The Bishop foreclosed and so became the owner of the property. He offered part of this land as a site for the new Cathedral on certain conditions which were elaborated in what was known as "The Cathedral Deed," in the third clause of which was detailed the rights that the Bishop of the Diocese should have in the Cathedral. In other words, it was an attempt to draw a line

between the uses of the edifice as a Cathedral, and a Parish Church. When this document was presented to the Vestry they declined *in toto* to accept it. Three Judges of the Supreme Court were then Vestrymen, and it was referred to them to phrase Article III so as to bring it within the wishes of the Vestry.

The Bishop very reluctantly accepted the alteration they made.

The plans of the Cathedral were then adopted; the bid of the contractor was accepted; and we only waited for the signature of the Bishop to the deed for the work to commence.

The Bishop signed the deed in the presence of the Chancellor on a Friday morning, but in his mail that day there came an Eastern paper with a violent attack on Cathedral systems, and it was plainly levelled against Colorado. This so upset him that he forgot to record the deed. It was the middle of summer, and one of the Vestry had kindly built me a cottage near his own in a mountain park. Knowing that the deed was signed, I asked the Vestry to have a meeting on Monday night, which it was unnecessary for me to attend, to sign the contracts for the building of the Cathedral, and let the work commence.

On the following Wednesday, my friend came to the park, and I learned to my surprise that they declined to sign the contracts because the Bishop had not recorded the deed. But the Vestry telegraphed to the Bishop to tell him that if he did not choose to record the deed and so satisfy and complete the agreement, they would abandon the whole Cathedral project and build a Parish Church of their own on a site they owned in the middle of the town; but the Bishop hastened to repair the oversight by authorizing his safe to be opened, telegraphing the combination; so the deed was recorded, the contracts signed, and the building of the Cathedral commenced.

I have seen many a cornerstone laying, but I never saw such a ceremony as that with which the cornerstone of the first

Cathedral was laid. We invited all the secret orders in the city, Protestant and Roman Catholic and those of no religion.

As I happened to be the Chaplain of the Artillery Company and of the Firemen, I asked those companies to dignify the occasion, one to run the Stars and Stripes up the flagstaff and the other to fire a salute at the placing of the stone. The Sheriff was asked to be the Marshal of the day. He issued his orders in a couple of columns in the evening paper and directions on which streets the various members of the procession were to form.

The whole city was alive. The Marshal and his Aides in all the uniforms they could beg, or borrow, galloping down the main thoroughfares to regulate the procession. We had hired the seats of a traveling circus and erected them on the higher ground above the site of the cornerstone.

Mr. Marchant in his college cap, cassock and cotta with the picturesque hood of an Oxford Mus. Bac. directed the music, beating time for the band and the chorus. A discharge of fire-arms set the procession in motion. Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Firemen, the Artillery with their guns, squads of police, a strong array of Churchmen and finally an heterogeneous company of Clergy, in all sorts of hats and surplices, long and short, brought up the rear.

There must have been a crowd of ten thousand people. Bishop Spalding laid the stone, the Stars and Stripes went up, the band played, the choir and the congregation sang, the canons roared and broke the window panes of the nearest cottages. There never was such enthusiasm, and Bishop Spalding was so elated that he made an address on Cathedral Systems for three-quarters of an hour. It was a magnificent day, with a hot sun and as he could not be heard by the greater portion of the crowd, the crowd naturally melted away, and I, who had been hoping for a large offertory found the building fund increased by only one hundred and twenty dollars; but it was a glorious

function and our elation was not to be damped by the smallness of the offertory.

That cornerstone only served its purpose twenty-two years. It is now against the Chapter House wall. We found it impossible to incorporate it in any wall of the new Cathedral for it was the angle of a hexagonal channel. But we must place it in some permanent position, as a matter of record, like as we have in the wall of the vestibule, a stone from the foundation of Canterbury Cathedral and a stone from a flying buttress of Westminster Abbey, built in the reign of King Stephen.

Very little of the money for the first Cathedral was contributed from outside the city. Anxious as the Bishop was to help he really only contributed \$5, which was sent to him by a domestic servant in Cleveland. His various appeals only irritated the Eastern people who wanted to know what a Missionary Jurisdiction, on the edge of civilization, had to do with building a Cathedral? and it was only natural to the Eastern Clergy to suppose that I had some good reason for leaving my native country and they looked upon my assumption of the novel title of "Dean" and my attempt to build a pretentious Cathedral as a piece of impudence; that sooner or later my offence would follow me and I should be justly punished by a failure which would publicly discredit me. This will explain those frequent slights which I silently suffered in those early years, even from Bishops, one of the most prominent of whom indicated my supposition was correct, when he wrote to know "out of what gutter I had come."

But these things, and frequent offers of Eastern Churches, have been easily laid aside by my constant answer, that God did not send me to America, but to Denver, and anything that lay outside Denver was irrelevant.

The Bishop had recommended a firm of architects in Detroit, who had once built for him a church in Erie. Fortunately a member of the firm, Mr. Pearce, had been a pupil of Sir

Gilbert Scott, and with him I set to work to solve the problem, how to build an effective interior with as light containing walls as was judicious, with the intention at some future period of enclosing them with stone. How satisfactorily he solved the problem may be gathered from the fact that years afterwards, when we had completed a scheme of decoration suggested by Mr. Frampton, in five reds, the pews being black, Bishop Potter, standing at the end of the Cathedral, said that it was the most effective church that he had ever seen.

This Cathedral served its purpose for twenty-one years, when an incendiary set it on fire, out of a political grudge. Every window was filled with stained glass; all, with one exception, from the studio of Mr. Edward Frampton of London. The East Window was as beautiful a production as I have ever seen—a representation of the Crucifixion—for which the artist went over to Antwerp and copied Van Dyke's, "Christ." The figure of Our Lord wonderfully portrayed triumph over pain. The window was eleven feet wide, without a mullion, and twenty-six feet high. To our untold regret it was the only window that melted in the fire.

The Cathedral was fourteen months in building and was opened for service on November 6, 1882. In this interim the prospects of founding a Cathedral System had become far clearer. Here is a letter detailing Bishop Spalding's plans:

*Bishop's House,  
410 Champa Street,  
Denver, Col., March 7, 1881.*

*My dear Dean:*

*Will you be so kind as to see that the bids are all in for All Saints', N. Denver by Thursday of next week, so that on that day a meeting of the Committee may be held and contracts made. If the cost is found to be too great, the plans will have to be simplified and new bids asked for, unless the subscriptions*

can be greatly increased. I have but \$1,100. We should have a Chapter Meeting to agree on contracts.

The work of securing annual members and life members of the Hospital Society and organizing Ladies' Hospital Aid Societies of these ought at once to be done. Would it not be well, after interesting a few of the ladies and determining upon the plan, to speak of the matter from the Chancel Sunday morning?

I appoint Thursday in Holy Week for the Ordination to Diaconate of Mr. Henry Mitchell 11 A. M. I will probably preach or ask some one of the Clergy to do so, and celebrate Holy Communion which, of course, is part of the Ordination Service. Mr. Mitchell will have to be examined by the Examining Chaplains, early in Holy Week. He goes to Pitkin. Battiscombe might be Ordained on Trinity Sunday. But the \$300 per annum we cannot get after his Ordination. We shall have to send him to a mining camp like Kokomo, shall we not? and let him take his chances as to support on the principle, "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Every dollar of the appropriation of the Missionary Board is in use, and I am pledged for a good deal more. The only remedy I see is to bring our congregations to share the burden of Missionary support.

Can you not in the next two months make out a complete list of the Communicants of St. John's? The families represented by pewholders do not probably represent half of them. Every Communicant ought to give something to the Cathedral. Every baptized person ought. Ought not every one to subscribe something for the Missions of the Church? The Shepherd knows his sheep and calls each by name. They know his voice when he tells each their duty. Not for a long time have I been so anxious as now about the working of the Cathedral plan. Never have I felt more the need of your strong help and co-operation.

Do you know that the Trinity laymen were very indignant at the "assumption" involved in the title to the Lent Card; "The Parish of Denver." It would take but a slight further "pro-

vocation" to lead them to incorporate Trinity as a Parish. I forbid it, of course. But suppose they do it under the provisions of the civil laws? We would have no remedy. Notwithstanding my prohibitions I should have to recognize the Trinity Parish as such, after a fight and consequent alienation from you and me; and by and by Emmanuel and I don't know how many others. There is, in my judgment, but one way to prevent this and secure unity of church work in Denver. It is to carry out in good faith the plan marked out in the Charter of the Cathedral Chapter and embodied in the deed to the Cathedral lots. Under this plan we can have, and will have, only one Parish, and that the Cathedral Parish in Denver and Arapahoe County.

Obviously that cannot be the Parish or such a Parish as St. John's Vestry represents. It cannot be one congregational Parish. St. John's Parish in the old American or the English sense can represent only two or three central wards of the city. And Trinity will, rightly or wrongly, represent equally, the Fifth Ward, and Emmanuel the First, or West Denver. If the Rector and Vestry, or either, interfere in what Marshall calls already "Trinity Parish" there will be trouble such as you have not anticipated.

The idea of incorporating Trinity on the part of its laymen comes from the feeling they have, that you mean by "The Parish of Denver" a Parish in the English sense, or that the corporation of "the Rector, Wardens and Vestry of St. John's" claims jurisdiction outside its proper parochial district. They erroneously think that you desire that the Clergy in Denver, working in the several districts outside of St. John's shall be your Curates or Assistants appointed by your concurrence and responsible to you.

Now I think that if you or I ever had such an idea, you must see by this time, that it will not work. To attempt to work it will lead to fearful jealousies, opposition and incorporated disunion. How are we then to make Denver one Parish? Only



by making it a Cathedral Parish as distinguished from a Parish as defined in our Canons. By making it what an ancient *Paroikia* was. There will be inevitably a number of self-supporting congregations in Denver. These will not, you may be sure, allow themselves to be put in an inferior position nor will the Pastors in charge of them be put below the independent Rectors of country Parishes. They will rebel against any such subordination. Therefore they and their Pastors must be allowed a certain independence in their particular districts. We must allow what we cannot help and make the most of it, make it a part of our plan. This is what I had done in our Cathedral Corporation. All the Clergy in charge of self-sustaining congregations or schools, in Priests' Orders were to be Canons, not Curates. The Dean was to be among them *Primus inter pares*. They may have nothing to do with the parochial services of St. John's in the Canonical sense of parochial. But they were to have their part in the services over and above these, the services of the Church of the *Paroikia*, or the Cathedral services. There should be a Sunday afternoon Cathedral service in which the Canons, Resident and Honorary, should preach in turn. There should be a Cathedral daily service morning and evening, in which the Canons should all take their courses. Each Canon should have his stall, his place and work in the Cathedral. In this way the city Clergy will be honored above the country Clergy. Their congregations will be proud to have their Clergy thus holding Canonries. Thus we can bind the Clergy together as one man in the work of the city, parochial and educational. This is all provided for. This is the plan as laid down and as begun on your arrival in Denver, and you being appointed Dean, and Haynes, Canon, to be put in operation. The most important position outside your own is doubtless the Headship of the Cathedral School for Boys. It includes a Canonry. The second in importance is the Headship of Trinity. Then South Denver, etc. The person who may hold any one of these positions may not be here next year. But while

*he holds it and by reason of holding it he is a great man. The place gives him dignity and importance, I know this; by making the men great and their work important that I have around me, I make myself the greater, and I secure loyal obedience from them. If I make them small, I am brought down to a lower level by the jealousies and piques, and hatreds in which as small men they will surely indulge against me and against each other.*

*It is no small thing that we have got the right nomenclature, so far as "Cathedral," and "Dean" are concerned. This is a very great gain. But even this is imperfect without the "Canons." Marshall is entitled to be a Canon. I appoint him, I am sure with your cordial approval; thus we have two. He will be the Senior Canon if there should be a change in the Principalship of Jarvis Hall. There will be a change when we can get a better man, not sooner I trust.*

*Now I beg of you not to let likes and dislikes have anything to do with men's official station and rank, and help me to keep Denver one Pariokia by binding the Clergy together in and around the See. Help to get "the public" as familiar with the term Canon as they are with Dean. Help to give the Canons Cathedral work over and above what they are now doing.*

*I am ever affectionately yours,*

J. F. SPALDING.

The opposing element referred to in this letter was evidently casting a shadow of disturbance on the Bishop's mind. His fear was by no means groundless, for the same opposition to his Cathedral System, in later years considerably flavored by that jealousy which is the bane of our profession, has on more occasions than one wrought disunion and disaster in the Diocese. There was no reason, but for this cause, why the Wolcott School should not have been in Wolfe Hall and the majority of the daughters of our leading citizens would have been educated under the shadow of the Cathedral, and instructed in a religious curriculum ordered by the Bishop.

Unfortunately the Bishop himself, finding from these causes the unworkability of his scheme, tacitly abandoned it. His defection was gradual and the resultant of the irritating advice of the opposing clergy.

I remember hearing a very eminent man once say, "If you plough on straight you are sure to plough out the moles;" I ploughed on straight, and having no object in view except "doing the next thing" which God placed at my hand, I had no occasion to trouble myself with intrigues or politics.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### *St. Mark's*

I discovered in early days the impossibility of living in what was practically a foreign country where they spoke the same language, on anything like the income on which a native could live, but fortunately I had brought with me a little money and I calculated with precision I have often since wondered at, that I must spend \$15,000 at least, to supplement the \$4,000, I received from the Vestry before I should be able to get \$6,000 a year from an enlarged congregation upon which income I could live and give.

The Bishop offered two church lots within what constituted the Cathedral Close, on which I built the Deanery, with \$6,000 of my own money and \$4,000 I borrowed. Twentieth street stopped abruptly at my garden fence, and in order to prevent its extension, the Bishop had built a large wooden building in the path of the street on the east side of the Close. In this was the Boys' School, Jarvis Hall. The school had had a fitful existence, and finally was about to be closed as a failure. With all my school experience, and my children away in England, it looked as if this was "the next thing," so I proffered my services to the Chapter, which I need hardly say were eagerly accepted. I explained to the Bishop how there were plenty of excellent men in England, schoolmasters, who would willingly come over if they had a prospect of being ordained, which, for want of a University degree, was all but an impossibility in England. The Bishop was, of course, willing to ordain proper and suitable men, and in due time five arrived as Masters in

Jarvis Hall. My friend, Mr. Kountze, the banker, lent me \$2,000 to make the frame building habitable. We let the Deanery, giving its rent to the support of the school, and I persuaded Mrs. Hart to live in a cottage in the Close, and work the household of Masters and boarders as we had done in Blackheath. We got some sixty boys; worked hard—I taught many hours a day myself—we sent some of the boys to the Eastern colleges but the majority were the residuum of the public schools, and we attempted to do the impossible thing, of “making a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.”

Finding that the income of the school promised to pay nothing but its current expenses, I determined to go East on a lecturing tour to earn enough money to pay back the \$2,000 I had borrowed. I provided myself with a first rate stereopticon and a set of slides on English Cathedrals and Gothic Architecture; paid my own expenses and those of the operator of the stereopticon that I took with me, but I only realized \$1,479. I wrote to the Bishop chatty letters every day or two, telling him of my doings. In one of his letters to me he says: “We miss you very much. I did not know how much comfort there was in very frequent dropping in to see me.”

Now, it seems to be a temptation which apparently no Bishop can resist, to build a church on the slightest provocation. It has always appeared to me to be reasonable never to build a church in a neighborhood which will not supply a congregation of at least three hundred; a smaller church under the most favorable circumstances cannot adequately support its Pastor and must prove an incubus on the Diocese. And then the Bishop’s agreement with me seemed to make it impossible that he should have fallen so easy a prey to the suggestion of the Rector of Trinity to commence a Church within seven blocks of the Cathedral, he finding that a Jewish population was encroaching in the district around his church. So when I returned from my lecturing tour I found the Vestry surprised

and indignant that the Bishop should have acquiesced in this manoeuvre, and I am afraid that the attitude of the leading laity of the town so openly assumed in opposition to his action so hurt his *amour propre*—for the Order of Bishops in those days considered themselves of a much higher estate than their present successors—that very unfortunately the Bishop completely threw himself into the hands of his bad advisers.

S. Mark's, which he had lent himself to build under such sinister advice, was only seven blocks from the Cathedral; one of the Vestry actually lived next door, and two of them on the opposite side of the street. There was still a debt of \$25,000 on the Cathedral and the Vestry very naturally felt that it was an unkind and an ungenerous thing to do anything which would curtail their resources after the very great self-sacrifices they had made in building this great church. We asked the Bishop to come to a conference, which, considering that the church was actually begun, was a useless thing to do and could be nothing but a skirmish, with the Bishop on the defensive.

It was a very curious exhibition of how a man who has done something partly under pressure and partly from a wish to do it, but well knowing his action was subject to criticism, instead of taking a high plane of autocratic assumption, fenced for his position with an unskilled hand and with very inadequate weapons.

The leaders of the Cathedral congregation were present, and I produced a document which is printed on p. 109 in which the Bishop gave me full control over the establishment of Missions in Denver.

Holding the document in my hand and reading the important clause, the Bishop replied that he could never have given it to me, but on seeing it in his own handwriting, and sealed with the Episcopal Seal, he said, "It's against the Canons." I replied, "How should I know it was against the Canons?" He said, "You ought to have known, for I sent you



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE WHERE WE WORSHIPPED FOR SEVEN YEARS.





a volume of the Canons when you were in England." "And yet," I rejoined, "you gave it to me!"

I think we were all genuinely sorry to see the Bishop so hopelessly at a loss, and we felt there was nothing to do but let things take their course. So *S. Mark's* was built; but when the little church was ready the Committee declined the services of the Rector of Trinity, so his intention was frustrated.

But this led to a strained situation and the complete abandonment of anything like a Cathedral System, and I must confess it shook my confidence in the Bishop's sense of justice, not to say honor, so that I felt insecure in trusting solely to his word that the \$6,000 that I had put into the building of the Deanery was a safe investment. I had not even a memorandum from him that I had advanced the money, he being practically the owner of the house since it was built on his land. My friend, Mr. Cobb, therefore, asked that the Chapter, in which body the Diocesan property had been vested, should give me a second mortgage, he holding the first mortgage for his \$4,000. The Bishop objected, and proposed that the matter should be submitted to a committee, which he named. He supplied them with half a dozen questions, the first of which was, "Did Dean Hart ever put \$6,000 into the Deanery?" Very fortunately I had preserved the architect's receipts for the money, and as these were conclusive proofs that I had advanced the money, the committee could not but report that I ought to have either a mortgage, or the return of the \$6,000. The Bishop objected to receiving the report of the committee and nominated two other committees, both of which similarly reported. At last the Chapter demanded that the report be received, and all voted "aye," except Mr. Sorenson, the President of the Standing Committee. The Bishop then produced out of his pocket a written veto on the action of the Chapter. It is a singular commentary on the obstinacy of a prejudiced man, whose assumed prerogatives had been infringed, that I never did get that mortgage

from the Bishop and Chapter, but the Vestry subsequently purchased the land on which the house stood, and they gave me the mortgage.

Of course all this led to an estrangement between the Bishop and the Cathedral, and the Vestry felt it incumbent upon them to have Clause III in the Cathedral Deed made explicit, so that for the future there could possibly be no misunderstanding as to the Bishop's rights in their church. They, therefore, submitted to the Bishop a very clear and definite statement of what rights they were willing to grant him in consideration for the site on which the Cathedral stood. It is unnecessary to say that the Bishop refused to agree. We sent Mr. Cobb across the Continent to the Presiding Bishop, Bishop Williams of Connecticut, and we supposed that it was through his influence that on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, the twenty-second of February, 1887, the Bishop sent for me and said he was ready to sign the deed, and hoped "there would not be undue adulation over the victory."

I suggested he should summon all his Clergy to a Union Service, Ash Wednesday evening, at which he preached and we all shook hands and buried deep the hatchet.

It was a matter of great thankfulness that "the God who maketh men to be of one mind in a house," so granted us his spirit of forgiveness that we were enabled to continue amicably our Church life for the next decade as if the strife about S. Mark's had never occurred.

One of those remarkable booms in real estate, which occasionally inflate a Western town, visited us. The four lots on which S. Mark's had been built were sold for \$10,000 each—an exorbitant price—with \$2,000 a new site was purchased two blocks further south. Subscriptions for \$22,000 were raised and the church completed by borrowing another \$40,000. For the want of strict financial accounting, about this latter sum dis-

appeared, and when the church was opened it was encumbered with a debt of \$43,000.

We cleared off the debt on the Cathedral, decorated the interior, and gave ourselves to lengthening our cords and strengthening our stakes.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *My Doctor's Degree.*

One year in Lent, when I was using a purple stole I wore my Master's Hood, the lining of which was blue silk. Our artistic ladies could not bear to see the blue in close contrast with the purple. I offered to leave off the stole, it being an ecclesiastical novelty whose use really only dates from about the Oxford Movement, 1845, or I must take my D. D. degree and wear a scarlet hood; but as that would cost some \$200 I didn't feel inclined to make that expenditure for a change of color. A few days afterwards a check was sent to me for \$200, whereupon I wrote to Dr. Salmon, who was then the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and asked him what I was to do to obtain the degree in absentia? He replied that I was to write two Latin Sermons, and two English Sermons, and send a cheque for £38 6s 8d. I had not written any Latin composition for years and those two Latin Sermons cost me no little trouble. When they were finished I put a cheque on my London banker for the required sum, on the first page of the Latin Sermon, posted the package and registered it. Not hearing a word for three months, I wrote again to Dr. Salmon, telling him what I had done. He replied by return mail that my package had been duly received, that he had handed it to the Regius Professor of Divinity, who, having declared the regulations to have been fulfilled, consigned the package to the Senior Proctor; and, said Dr. Salmon, "We all three waited for the cheque, and on receipt of your second letter I hurried to the Senior Proctor who fortunately had not destroyed your sermons and we found the cheque as you had

stated. It was a pity that for purposes of economy I suppose, you sent the package by Book Post. You will be gazetted as a Doctor of Divinity at the Commencement next term."

They have evidently never read my Latin sermons and I replied to Dr. Salmon that no one but an Irish gentleman could have so gently intimated that my Latin was not worth reading

So I became a Doctor of Divinity and in 1910 the University of Denver did me the honor of conferring upon me their degree of LL.D., as "The Defender of the Bible," as said the Chancellor.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### *On Matters Educational.*

Having spent the main years of my life in educational concerns, it was natural that I could not help criticizing some features of our public school system. In 1870 Mr. W. E. Foster, the M. P. for Bradford and one of my father's parishioners, came over to this country to familiarize himself with the public school system. On his return he persuaded Parliament to adopt the system of Board Schools which is the public school system in vogue in this country, with certain modifications.

The two fundamental defects of the system here are the total want of any religious training, except such as the teacher may casually impart and the unwieldy size of the lower grades.

To remedy these two chief flaws of the system I proposed making the teaching of the Ten Commandments obligatory. Every parent desires that its child should be moral. There are and never have been such wonderful and complete rules of morality as those which were pronounced to Moses by God's own voice. It would be an easier matter of credence to admit that they were thus communicated directly from the Divine Mind than to believe that such a perfect and unimpeachable code of morals, which the philosophy of no nation has ever since equaled, not to say superseded, could have been produced by even such a man as Moses, at that early stage of human development.

The Roman Catholics were the only section of the public who objected to their introduction into the curriculum of the public school system. They did so, because they deliberately omit the Second Commandment as it condemns their use of

images. And to preserve the number ten, they divide the Tenth Commandment into two, justifying their course by declaring the first paragraph "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house" refers to the external act and the rest to the internal intention, which excuse is invalidated by our Lord's explanation that the Seventh Commandment compassed both the act and the intention.

So organized is the Roman Catholic Opposition that any definite religious instruction is debarred. And consequently crime has increased all over the country. Fifty years ago there was one criminal to every three thousand of the population; there is now one to every three hundred and last year in Denver one-thirteenth of the population had actually been arrested.

Morality is not innate; it must be specifically taught. The knowledge of the Bible which contains and enforces the only true morality we possess is fading out of the public mind. A teacher in the High School lately said that there was not one of his class of forty pupils who knew who Judas Iscariot was!

I have always held that it is the duty of the State to see that its citizens can read, write and sum, but when this modicum of education has been achieved at the public expense, any future acquirement should be left to the control of the parent.

Why should everybody be taxed in order that the children of the few may have a college education, or indeed made Doctors or Lawyers. Only a small proportion of the children of the lower grades ever reach the High School and the proportion of those who arrive at the University is still less, their advancement really depending upon the financial capability of their parents. Then why should the whole population be taxed for the benefit of the few?

I would arrest the public education at the sixth grade. Let those parents who seek for their children an education above that grade pay for it. Then take the school funds thus saved and quadruple the teachers in the lower grades. So that no teacher should have more than twelve pupils in her class. As

it is now, thirty or even fifty children are committed to the care of one teacher. They can only acquire habits of inattention, dilatoriness and not infrequently evasion in various forms.

I have never yet found a sensible person who did not bemoan these two great faults in the public school system and agree that my proposals were reasonable.

But thirty years ago, the school system was the fetish of the public. Even the most self-evident criticism brought upon me a deluge of abuse. The newspaper clippings in my scrap-book preserve a choice assortment of epithets: "A chinless non-descript," "an English jockey" (I then rode a horse) "an ingrate without sense of courtesy or hospitality."

One widely circulated monthly stigmatises me as an Englishman "who has insulted and lied about us before and will do it again and why the devil someone don't pay him and tell him to hike home is a colossal outrage. \* \* \* I must express surprise, however, at the success this copper-cent cockney as persistently posing as a prize-jay and yet holding on his job."

I wrote a pamphlet "The Ten Commandments in the Public Schools." It went through several editions and thousands were scattered throughout the country and from time to time the press took a liberal notice of it; and I even heard of some communities adopting its suggestions; but the agitation died down. God seems to have given the country over to "A reprobate Mind."

Two of my eminent detractors were Brick Pomeroy and Elbert Hubbard.

One St. Valentine's Day in the early eighties, the atmospheric conditions were abnormal. The thermometer was some 20 degrees below zero and the air was filled with spiculae of ice gradually falling earthward. The position of most of the prisms must have been perpendicular and the rays of the moon deflected in them, produced an extraordinary celestial display. There was a lunar rainbow and "moon dogs" at the four points



of the horizon, all connected by a ring of light and the rays from the "dogs" converging toward the zenith. It was a very extraordinary sight and one much to be remembered by dwellers in the temperate zone.

I was sent for to visit a dying woman. I found a Mrs. Teuton, an English working woman, very near the shore of this life. She told me she wanted to leave her savings, two or three thousand dollars, to an Episcopal Hospital. I asked her if she had made her will. She said she had, and told me to open the drawer where she said I would find it. It was in proper form and properly signed by two witnesses, but so worded that the doctor who had made it would have finally possessed the money.

I sent a young lawyer and arranged that her wishes should be properly carried out by the making of another will. After the funeral the doctor and his friends considered themselves defrauded of their plunder by priestly interference.

Brick Pomeroy was then running *The Great West*. Chiefly for his own benefit, he was advertising a mining tunnel and kindly allowing small investors to come in on "The Ground Floor." The Postmaster told me he was receiving some seven thousand dollars a week from domestic servants in the Middle West by postoffice orders.

He was notorious during the war for editing *The La Crosse Democrat*, a "copper-head" paper which unscrupulously denounced every Northern General. The doctor told his case to Mr. Pomeroy and he treated me to the same ruthless castigation he had meted out to the Union leaders.

Article after article charged me with every sin under the sun, but one—and finally because I persistently declined to take any notice of his diatribes, he organized a choir of newsboys sending them along the streets on Sunday morning, chanting a Litany of which the refrain was, "From All English Deans, Good Lord Deliver Us." Some of the leading business men finally silenced him.

Elbert Hubbard was a very talented man. He had a remarkable command of rich language and if his loose character had been controlled by any religion he would have been a prophet whose voice would have awakened the Wilderness.

It is no business of mine to describe what is well known of his evil doings. Some people might consider me flattered by the notice he bestowed upon me in three issues of his paper, "*The Philistine*." He commenced in the September number, 1901, in which he said I was an Englishman born in Ireland. "Eight children have come to him and all from England; for at a great expense he managed to have them born there, all save one, that through some caper of the calendar first saw the light on the high seas."

Five years later he again returned to the attack, honoring me with six pages of his screed. "Dean Hart's name was originally Patrick O'Callighan. He was born at Kilmansee, County Cork, in 1841. His father was a driver of a jaunting car, his mother a barmaid. \* \* \* By a strange fortune, Patrick found work as a butler in a New York family \* \* \* who had a private Chapel or Oratory in their house and here the young butler turned Curate, spread the prie-dieu, and read family prayers in a Bishop's voice. In the morning and during the day he attended to his duty as a man-of-all-work," and six more pages of this rubbish.

The last time Elbert Hubbard—before he went down with the Lusitania—paid his compliments to me was in an item in the spring issue of the *Philistine*. "These are the days when circuses move about the land. The Ringling Brothers have engaged the services of Dean Tart to open the proceedings with prayer."

The curious thing is that some people believed it; and apparently one of them who received fifteen votes from his admiring brethren as coadjutor to Bishop Spalding.

## CHAPTER XX.

### *The Wolfe Hall Episode.*

The failing condition of Wolfe Hall was the occasion of another ecclesiastical ferment.

The Church possessed four lots at the corner of Champa and Seventeenth streets, for which Bishop Randall had given \$800. Within ten years, during the boom, they were sold for the astonishing price of \$30,000 each. As these lots were the property of Wolfe Hall, with the \$120,000, now in the Bishop's hands, he decided to build a new Wolfe Hall in the outskirts of the city. Unfortunately he consulted me with no genuine intention, only occasionally and partially disclosing his plans. However, I did beg him to curtail his building plans within the limit of the money he had in hand but he gave scant heed, lending an ear to more reckless advisers, and when the building was finished it was encumbered with a debt of \$80,000.

From its name, Wolfe Hall, it might be supposed that its origin was due to the generosity of that great benefactress of the Church, Miss Wolfe, but it was her father who gave some \$2,500 and probably with the expectation of more to come, the Hall was dedicated to him; and it is possible that the Bishop expected Eastern Churchmen to liquidate the debt. Although the school sometimes had as many as eighty boarders, still it never could earn more than the interest on the debt, and for keeping up the fabric, and pay its running expenses.

In 1885 I had the pleasure of visiting Senator Wolcott in Washington. At this time we were looking for a new Principal for Wolfe Hall. I asked Mrs. Wolcott, a lady of great intellec-

tual capacity, if she knew of anyone. When she came down to breakfast next morning, she said, "I have been considering your question, and if you can persuade my sister Anna to take the Principalship she will make a success of your school." On returning to Denver I found Miss Wolcott here and I introduced her to the Bishop, and so struck was he with her charming personality that he appointed her at once—and for five years she continually elevated the standard of Wolfe Hall. But prosperity had fluctuated, and the requirements of the school as its efficiency increased naturally heightened the expenses so that it was impossible to meet the interest on the debt.

The Chapter was impecunious, and the foreclosure of the school was in prospect, when Mr. Jerome, one of our leading lawyers, came to me and said, "We require a private Girls' School of this kind, it would be detrimental to the city if Wolfe Hall were closed." He then propounded a scheme for making a joint stock company which would take over the property, be responsible for its liabilities, and conduct the school. The shares were to be \$250 each, and the Bishop and Canons were to have seats on the Directory. The Bishop was to be the Visitor and have full control of the religious education; and a clause was inserted, that if within five years the Chapter should come by sufficient money to recoup "The Wolfe Hall Association" it should re-enter the property.

All this arrangement was concluded between the Bishop and Mr. Jerome, and I felt that as the sole purpose of the Institution was to carry on a high-class Girls' School with religious education, according to the tenets of our Church, as an essential of its curriculum; and as the company was wholly composed of the leading Churchmen of the Diocese; and that under the management of the Bishop and Chapter an impasse had been reached, this opportunity was everything that the Church could expect.

I and Mr. Jerome, between us, sold shares to the amount of \$20,000, which sum was actually in the bank. The Chapter met,

and by a vote of 18 to 3 agreed to consummate the transaction, adjourning for one week in order that the proper deeds might be prepared. The three malcontents were Mr. Parker, the Rev. Charles Marshall, and Mr. Bowhay, who believing that the Wolfe Hall Trust could not thus be broken and the property alienated from the Church, decided to thwart the will of the Bishop and Chapter at the last moment without giving the Bishop any opportunity to present the case to the court. When, therefore, the Chapter convened the following week, to our astonishment, an officer of the Court served an injunction to prevent the Chapter ratifying the will of the Bishop and the majority. Whereupon the shareholders demanded their money back; formed "The Wolcott School Association;" and established Miss Wolcott in new quarters where ever since from two to three hundred of the daughters of the leading families of the city have been splendidly educated and the church in Colorado suffered the greatest disaster in its history; for if it had not been for this counter-move, the Church, to her enormous advantage, would have had the training of the mothers of the leading citizens of generation to come.

Another Principal for Wolfe Hall was elected, and Mr. Parker declaring in the Council that the school should never be closed, utilized his genius for finances in directing its affairs and supplying its deficits out of his own pocket; but after expending some \$26,000 in a futile attempt, he regretted his action, withdrew his support, and Wolfe Hall closed its doors.

The sad part of this history is, if the Bishop's vision had not been beclouded, and he had asserted his determination to carry out the scheme, the three malcontents must have yielded.

It is needless to say that the tides of feeling ran high, and gossip, not to say slander, was busy with her tongue.

Bowhay, the Chapter Clerk, who had always been a protegee of Mr. Marshall, and in whose hands the finances of the Chapter had been almost entirely reposed, was known to some of us as a

man, not only of small business capacity, but of dubious character. The Vestry paid through him the rent of a cottage, but the checks did not return to the Treasurer for some months and we naturally concluded that they were used by Mr. Bowhay in a manner which could not be called straightforward; and amongst us I have no doubt, some strong language was used, saying that he was an embezzler—which, indeed was an accurate term to describe him, as the future disclosed. And then we suddenly found circulated throughout the Diocese a large number of the Bishop's Report to the Board of Missions of 1886—a report which was not made public at the time, but which had remained in its original wrapping for sixteen years. Probably when the Bishop saw what he had written, in type, he hesitated to make it public at the time, something of the heat with which he had written it having cooled off. One day the Rev. J. W. Gunn went into the Bishop's study to find a number of these old reports wrapped up ready for direction, which he addressed at the Bishop's dictation. We were soon amply supplied with them; they contained the unfortunate paragraph that I had gone East and begged \$1,478 for Jarvis Hall,—“I regret not to be able to report the use made of this fund \* \* \* as it has not been turned over to the Bishop nor the Board of Trustees of the School.”

This, of course, was a serious reflection on my probity, and it was evident that the pamphlet had been disseminated to show that if the Vestry held Mr. Bowhay to be an “embezzler,” that I, who was presumed to be their instigator, was also of that ilk.

The Secretary of the Vestry was instructed to ask the Bishop if he really intended in this paragraph to cast a slur on my character? Their very respectful communication he afterwards referred to thus: “Compliance with such a demand was clearly impossible. The making was considered to be an indignity and an impertinence, and entirely without law or right, propriety or precedent. \* \* \* Any Rector, or Vestry,

making such demand deserve, in my opinion, to be rebuked at least by silence."

Commenting on this, five of his brother Bishops, whom he induced to sit as my judges, under the provisions of Canon XIX, of the Digest, appointing a Council of Conciliation, remarked: "That the Vestry were entitled to make the request for a definite statement from the Bishop, couched in the respectful terms of the aforesaid communication of June 6, 1898."

He wrote this report only five months after he had been present in Mr. Kountze's office, when he acquiesced in my handing the money to Mr. Kountze, who generously donated \$500, and I there and then wrote a check for \$22 and thus the note for \$2,000, which Mr. Kountze had lent me to make Jarvis Hall habitable, was liquidated.

The Vestry, however, being only common folk, were unable to appreciate the Bishop's position, and refusing to permit any stigma to remain on their Rector, determinately held the Bishop accountable. The upshot of it all was that to relieve a situation which was becoming a scandal, the Bishops gathered in the General Convention at Washington agreed to institute a Council of Conciliation, as Canon XIX directs, that differences between a Parish and a Bishop shall be adjusted by a court comprised of five neighboring Bishops. The Council sat at St. Louis. The Vestry sent Judge Woolworth, the Chancellor of Nebraska, and the Senior Churchwarden, Mr. Rathvon, to state their case, but the Bishops determined only to receive written evidence. Both sides fortified their position by numerous affidavits, but inasmuch as not a single fact could be cited to the detriment of the Dean, and as the evidence of the Bishop's action in sending out the objectionable report was incontrovertible, the Council could only tell him to recall the pamphlet, and they spared the Bishop the humiliation of apologizing for its imputation. Nor did the Vestry seek to do more than to induce the Bishop to resume his pastoral connection with the Cathedral. They ac-

cepted the findings of the Council without demur, paid Judge Woolworth's bill of \$1,600, and thus amicable relations were again established which fortunately were maintained until the Bishop's death four years later.

But I cannot help thinking that a stranger who had sacrificed so much, and worked so hard for the Church in Colorado deserved better treatment at the hands of the Missionary Board in New York; for they issue an annual volume of all the reports of Missionary Bishops bound together, and in their volume for 1886 they left out entirely the objectionable paragraph from Bishop Spalding's report. In doing this they were certainly derelict in their duty, for either I was misappropriating Church funds, or else the Bishop was not dealing fairly with the chief Clergyman in his Diocese. The gentlemanly, not to say Christian, thing for the Board to have done, would have been to have sent out one of their number who could have heard both sides of the question and readily composed the differences.

The effect of the Council of Conciliation was what the Canon purposed—conciliatory. We of the Cathedral were, of course, in no humor in any sense to demand the "pound of flesh" and gladly enough we dropped the whole proceeding into the Lethe; but I am afraid it so left its mark upon the Bishop that his health began to decline, from hardening of the arteries, and he asked for a Coadjutor, which a Special Council was called to elect in 1903.

Knowing the Bishop's disinclination to accept me as his Coadjutor, and knowing that those of the clergy who were tinctured with what is curiously and fictitiously called "Catholicism" would do their best to elect a Bishop of their own way of thinking, I, of course, declined to be nominated and willingly supported the nominee of Mr. Oakes, Dr. Freeman, of Yonkers, an admirable man, who has since been elected to two Bishoprics, which he declined. He had had large financial experience as the Auditor of a great railway system. If either of us



had been elected we would have made short shrift of Mr. Bowhay and forestalled his plundering of the Diocese. The High Church Party led by Mr. Parker, who was then the Lay-Pope of Trinity of which Mr. Grimes was the Rector, and Mr. Marshall, centered on Mr. Grimes. It soon became evident that neither Dr. Freeman nor Mr. Grimes could be elected.

Among the twenty names that were proposed the Rev. C. S. Olmstead received one vote. We had then with us a Mr. Hickman, who was indeed a walking encyclopedia of ecclesiastical knowledge. I asked if anyone could tell us about this Mr. Olmstead? Mr. Hickman readily supplied the main details of his clerical career, and someone sitting near me whispered to me, "and besides all that he's a Christian;" which most important of all facts I communicated to the Council, and so Mr. Olmstead received the necessary number of votes.

The Consecration took place on May 1, 1903, SS. Philip and James' Day and was one of the most impressive of functions. Seven Bishops laid their Episcopal hands on his head and if ever Grace could be conveyed through official channels surely Bishop Olmsted must have been endued with all that was requisite for "The Office of a Bishop," but inasmuch as he had finally to relinquish his Diocese because of his incompetency to manage the most ordinary financial processes, we may take his case as an *experimentum crucis* that Grace is not conferred by Apostolic Succession; that the only Grace connected with a clerical career is "the Grace of Opportunity," in which the man may or may not succeed according to the use or abuse he makes of the talents committed to his charge.

But his oblivion to financial matters was fatal. It gave the Chapter Clerk all the opportunity he wanted for helping himself to Diocesan funds by raising mortgages on Diocesan property and gambling with the money—as he afterwards confessed—and unfortunately he readily hoodwinked the Bishop.

Of course all this could not proceed without some of us

suspecting the wrong, and again and again attempts were made in the Annual Council to unearth Mr. Bowhay's transactions and bring them to the daylight. A financial committee was appointed with Mr. Parker as the chairman; and Mr. Parker was the auditor of a great railroad system and an expert in accounts. This committee, of course, reported to the Council that the books of the Chapter Clerk should be audited by an independent accountant, but the *dolce far niente* of the Bishop allowed the resolution to remain inoperative. At one council Mr. Cobb actually printed a method of opening a new set of books for the Chapter accounts, which, if it had been adopted, would have exposed Mr. Bowhay in half an hour, but the astute clerk had always kept himself under the patronage of Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Marshall commanded the "Catholic" vote, so Mr. Cobb's resolution was voted to be "laid on the table." The Bishop did on one occasion require Mr. Bowhay to make a *viva voce* statement of the condition of the various trusts, which, of course, many of us suspected was anything but the truth, but without an accountant's examination of the books we had nothing to substantiate our suspicions. Finding therefore that the Council was docile in the hands of the pilferer we appealed to a bank, who held the notes of the Chapter for many thousands of dollars, to demand that an accountant should exhibit to the bank what actual security they had for their loans, whereupon Mr. Bowhay finally arriving at an impasse, and realizing the truth of the Scripture, "Be sure thy sin will find thee out," attempted to cover some of his dubious tracks by burning the books. Fortunately, he was unable to complete the process, and what was left of the Records of the Chapter was placed in the hands of a firm of accountants who were months in disentangling the skein, at a cost to us of more than \$5,000. It then appeared that \$95,000 had disappeared, and Mr. Bowhay wrote a confession that he had lost it in Wall Street, and in Colorado mining stocks.



THE FIRST DESIGN SUBMITTED.



THE ACCEPTED DESIGN OF WHICH THE NAVE IS BUILT.  
ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL, DENVER



## CHAPTER XXI.

### *Of Things Musical.*

I hold that music should be an essential part of a minister's education. To play a hymn tune is within the reach of people who do not know one note from another; it is a purely mechanical acquisition. I once had an organist who really was not musically equipped. His father was a village organist and caused his son, nolens volens, to follow his profession. The son by dint of dogged perseverance, not only acquired the art of reading music at sight, but having a good memory, he could play any quantity of hymns and chants by rote.

He was practicing one day, with his coat off, as he generally did; I sat by him in my stall, for it is wisdom for the chief minister to be within speaking distance of his organist, and he said, "I wonder, Sir, how much of the Messiah I can play from memory." He handed me a Messiah and I followed him; he began at the overture, and played through the whole work in nearly two hours; and he hardly played an incorrect note. He even, after several attempts, succeeded in becoming a Fellow of the College of Organists. And yet he could not extemporize in a minor key, and was not really "musical." I cite his example of what persistent practice will accomplish.

Every clergyman ought not only to be able to play hymns, but he should know something of the mechanism of an organ and how to tune an unruly pipe. It is surprising how much time and annoyance may be saved by even a little of such practical knowledge.

And the keeping of a few rules in mind would improve

many a crude and disjointed service. The tone of the service should be uniform; the hymns chosen to be in keeping with the sermon, which itself should be on the teaching of the day, either the subjects of the lessons or the Epistle and Gospel. The Service should ever be worship and not performance; all musical display such as, an aspirant "rendering" her favorite song, which her mother and friends come to hear should be rigidly forbidden.

Sound should never cease, from the opening voluntary to the choir "Amen" in the vestry. Silence causes a slight and uncomfortable shock and inadvertently sends the minds of the congregation a roaming. And a sympathetic choir, a choir which has any sentiment of worship, will naturally moderate the force to suit the sentiment to be expressed. The words, too, should be so enunciated as to be discerned by the people. An adherence to these few fundamental rules will enable any choir to render "an acceptable service."

It is sometimes asserted that the musical faculty is a mental excrescence, and in some sort allied to insanity. It is true that musicians are abnormally jealous of each other, but since I have had an intimate view of the clerical and medical professions, I have found that musicians hold no monopoly on the vice of jealousy.

Neither has my observation caused me to conclude that a genius for music always accompanies a very sensitive organization. The most remarkable organist I have ever known is anything but sensitive, and strange to say he never practices; no doubt in his early days, and he took his Musical Doctor's degree at Oxford at a younger age than had ever been known, he did practice laboriously, but for the score of years I have known him, I question if he has practiced one whole hour; he seems to have established a subtle connection between his brain and his fingers, so that they perform the intimations of his will, *con amore*.

It is so with his composing. There is a full Communion

Service by Dr. Gower, in Hutchins' Chant and Service Book, which he composed upon the stencil of a mimeograph; he began at nine o'clock and at one he had printed fifty copies, and the next day which was Sunday, we sang that service, which is certainly the best in the book.

There is in the same book a "Short Kyrie" by Winter; this musician was the most remarkable man I ever came across. I am justified in this large statement by the fact that when one of our most prominent citizens, on a visit to London, went to Scotland yard to investigate their detective system, as he was being shown a drawer full of divisions containing cards, and it was being explained that this was practically a card index of men who were "wanted" he was asked, if he did not say he came from Denver?

"This bundle of cards, refer to a man who was in Denver, who called himself Winter. He is the most astute criminal who ever came under our observation. At present he is in Paris; we can put our hand on him when we choose, but not wanting to go through the trouble of an extradition process, we are waiting until he should come over here."

They well described him as "astute" for at that very time, he was engaged in the governmental secret service, under their nose. They did arrest him finally when he was stage manager of the Garrick Theatre by the name of Harry Montague. I may well therefore speak of him as the most notorious musician I have ever known.

The most remarkable and distinguished musician I ever had the honor of knowing was Gounod. When the Germans invaded France and were evidently en route for Paris, many persons of eminence in things artistic escaped from the city. Among others Auguste Gern, one of the foremen in Cavaille-Coll's organ factory, who built for me a charming organ, and Gounod, who came to reside at Blackheath. He was composing "The Redemption" which he intended to be his chef d'oeuvre; he played to me

the overture, describing what he intended its various parts to illustrate. When he finished I ventured to say how anxious the musical world would be for its publication. "Ah! never," he said, "it is my own spiritual note-book; I could never give it to the public."

He was one day looking over a children's Service Book I had published, and on reading the hymn, "There Is a Green Hill Far Away," he asked who was the author? And on my telling him Mrs. Alexander was known to me, he wondered if I would get him her permission to set it to music. I suggested he should write himself, which he did, and that was the origin of his celebrated song.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### *Some Odds and Ends.*

In 1877 Mr. Winter was installed as our organist and choir-master in Blackheath. He was artistic, energetic, a fine bass and a very capable conductor. At once the service responded to the hand of a master. He represented that he had so many interests in London, that he could only give us from Friday to Monday. He had fascinated, as he was adept at doing, a young couple who for the interest of his visit were glad to have him for their weekly guest. He inaugurated a choral society. They produced "Pinafore" and gave concerts and musical evenings. Indeed, he was a very center of energy.

The astonishing thing is, that for two years he escaped every suspicion. Now that I look back at the partial view I have of his career, I think the tricks he played, the false positions he assumed, the thefts he committed, he perpetrated for the very zest of doing them so cleverly as not to be found out.

To aid and abet him in his transformations he had the power of changing the look of his face. He could assume the appearance of grave sickness without the opportunity of "making up." I am told some actors have the power of altering their faces in keeping with the part they are playing, but as I have never seen a play in a theatre, I must leave others to verify this.

When Winter was finally caught and sent to prison for perjury, Mr. Pembroke, my churchwarden, the well-known ship-owner, in whose house he had lived, and with whom he was intimate as with his own sons, was subpoenaed to identify him. But when Winter stood in the dock, at Bow Street and Mr. Pem-

broke was asked if he recognized the prisoner as Winter, he was unable to do so, and said, "If you will make him speak I will tell you," but Winter would not speak and remained incognito.

The day after the *Princess Alice*, a Thames steamer full of Sunday School children went down, Winter appeared in my study. He looked blanched, his face was drawn, and his left arm in an ample sling. "Why, Mr. Winter, what is the matter with you?" "I was in the *Princess Alice*, yesterday," he replied, "she smashed like a match-box." "And what did you do?" "I jumped overboard and hit my right arm against a floating spar." It afterwards transpired that he was ten miles away at the time, teaching in a ladies' school.

I have sometimes wondered if he was not afflicted with hysteria; a singular disease which drives its victim to do the most risky things to elicit that sympathy for which the hysteric craves more desperately than does the toper for his dram.

But there was sometimes "a method in his madness." One Sunday I noticed that at the last verse of the hymn before the sermon, the notes of the organ were thin and few. I could see the organ console in the South Transept from the pulpit, and as I turned to give the ascription, I saw Winter fall over on to the organ stool in a fit. Being a suburb of London many well-known physicians worshipped with us. No less a person than the President of the College of Physicians went to the sick man's side. He lay without making any noise through the sermon and as I turned at the close and the congregation rose, I saw his surpliced arm tremblingly stretch out and touch the note for the choir Amen.

After service the great doctor came into the vestry, "Mr. Hart, your organist has had an epileptic fit, he appears to be over-worked, he ought to have a rest." I turned round to the churchwarden, who was counting the offertory, "Pembroke," I said, "have you no ship sailing this week?" He thought for a moment, "Why yes, the *Mary Ann* sails for Odessa on Tuesday."

"Will you get the captain to take Winter with him?" And so he did.

What had happened was, that Winter's many creditors had closed in upon him and he was on the verge of arrest; he had carefully studied the symptoms of epilepsy and so cleverly simulated them that he had deceived so capable a man as the eminent physician. He disappeared from London for six weeks, and before he returned the anger of his creditors had cooled down and they had given up the search.

He was a proficient French scholar, and induced two young men to take a trip on their bicycles through Holland. Winter kept the common purse.

So pleasant and successful was their holiday, that next year the two young fellows with another friend re-traversed the route. Then they found that their individual bills were just a third less than before. Winter had added a third to each account and so franking himself, doubtless justifying his graft by considering his services as a courier were worth the money.

A month or two before I came to Denver, Winter called upon me looking downcast and dejected; he said he had received a great blow; that his brother on his death-bed had confessed that he was the father of Mrs. Winter's two children. Winter said that all he could do under the circumstances was to divorce his wife, and, he added, "you will conclude that what I say is true from the fact that the suit will not be contested."

It afterwards transpired that the only brother he ever had died when he was six years old. By a series of clever manoeuvres, he did actually get a decree nisi in Lord Hannen's court, and his wife was for six years unaware of the fact that she had been divorced.

Thirteen years afterwards, for his many perjuries, he received in the Central Criminal Court, a sentence of six years' penal servitude. The Counsel for the prosecution said, "that seldom had a grosser deception been practiced on a Court of

justice." While he was carrying out his design he looked about him for another partner of his fortunes. He became acquainted with a retired London merchant at Bromley, a widower with two daughters. The elder Miss Wright was a capital pianist, and one evening, as pianists sometimes do, she took off her rings and bracelets as she played. She had a handsome solitaire diamond set in black enamel; that ring Winter put in his pocket. At the close of the evening, he even took the piano to pieces, in a vain effort to find it. Next morning he showed the ring to his hostess at Blackheath, saying that Miss Wright, who had worn it as a mourning ring for her mother, wished it now set in plain gold.

It happened that year that I revisited Blackheath, and passing through the village, the jeweler accosted me, and asked me if I knew where Mr. Winter was? "Yes, he is in Denver," I replied; "Does he owe you anything?" "Yes, Sir, he has with us a small account," and turning into his shop he showed me his ledger, and pointing to seven shillings and sixpence on the credit side, he volunteered the information that he brought a diamond ring to be re-set in plain gold; and they credited him with seven shilling and sixpence for the black enamel setting.

Winter utilized the newly made ring as the bond of his engagement to the younger Miss Wright; but before further mischief accrued some of his character was divulged, and he was forbidden the house.

If the plaintiff's suit is successful in an English divorce court, the judge pronounces the decree "*nisi*," that is, "unless" the King's proctor intervenes, then at the expiration of six months the decree becomes "*absolute*." It was within this six months that Winter secured a singing engagement at the Welsh seaport of Llandudno. Here he became acquainted with a distinguished looking lady, the widow of a Liverpool merchant with two handsome children and some independent means.

With the vigor and astuteness of most of his proceedings he hurried her off to Bangor Cathedral and married her. But the

English law does not look with favor upon bigamists, and finding certain investigations were being instituted, having obtained his decree "absolute" he remarried Mrs. Winter in London; but this did not condone his previous offense, and finding the officers of the law upon his track, he crossed the Atlantic to New York at that very moment I was most in need of him.

In my experience I have only known two organists who were geniuses. I define a genius to be a person who is capable of transferring his sentiments through his work. It is an unexplainable fact that two organists may play the same composition even with the same arrangement of stops, the one will move you and "make trickles go down your back," the other awakens no thrilling sensation; the one is a genius, the other possesses only the gift of perseverance.

Arthur W. Marchant, whom I brought with me, was a genius. His anthems, especially his Magnificat, are widely sung. He was a Mus. Bac. Oxon. of which degree he was very naturally proud, and occasionally, to emphasize his authority in musical matters, he paraded his distinction.

But what did the "wild and woolly West" in those days care for a degree? The paper said, to his great angerment, "He must B an Oxon." Magnificent organist though he was, he was helpless as a choir-master. In my necessity I thought of Winter, and wrote to him to ask him to come over and help us. My letter found him in New York, which he professed to believe was a special mark of God's leading, for he said he had been induced to write a medical work for a doctor whom he had discovered to be a quack, and had therefore thrown up his contract, and was wondering what he should do when my letter called him to Denver.

When he arrived, as usual, he took everybody by storm, and agreed to return to England, wind up his affairs and come back to reside. The son of Mr. Killick, the Rector of St. Clement, Danes, in the Strand, had lately died of typhoid fever. His

two little children, we had taken into the Deanery until some means should offer of sending them, with an escort, to England, to their grandparents. Winter, at once proposed to take them. The ladies were all enchanted; passes, for those were the palmy days of liberal railroad travel, and every conceivable thing was provided for the journey.

It afterwards transpired that he sold everything that was at all superfluous, even to their trinkets of jewelry at Chicago. But he delivered the two little ones safely to their grandmother, who was waiting for them at Liverpool, and then cabled to the railroad magnate, who supplied the passes, for a loan of fifty pounds.

In due time he arrived with his wife and her two beautiful children and at once placed the choir on a basis it has ever since proceeded upon with marked success. I instructed him to find in England an organist to his liking, which he did, borrowing of him two hundred pounds, which of course, he never returned.

The first Sunday the choir appeared in the vestry, Winter was adorned with a magnificent hood. I said, "What have you got on?" "Oh!" he replied, "This is the hood of the Licentiates of Trinity College, London. I was a Choral Fellow and when we amalgamated with Trinity College, they took us in as Licentiates."

After service I enquired more about the hood. He then said that if I preferred it he would wear a Cambridge hood. I said, "I never knew you were a Cambridge man." "Whv. all your masters knew it," he said. "What college were you at?" "Trinity," he replied. "When did you take your degree?" "In 1874, he asserted. By that mail I wrote two letters, one to a pupil of mine in Cambridge, asking him to find out if A. L. Winter did take his degree in 1874, and what kind of a man he was. The other letter was to Dr. Bonavia Hunt, who was Warden of Trinity College, London, and indeed its creator, asking him if the Choral Fellows were received by them as Licentiates?

Mr. Marchant had preserved bound volumes of the *Musical Times*, in one of which was a printed list of the Licentiates of Trinity College.

Winter's name was not among them. After showing me this he left the book on the music shelf at the organ. A few days afterwards he found that the page had been carefully torn out. Of course I knew Winter had done it, and so I told him, when he instantly replied, "I can give you fourteen reasons why I shouldn't tear it out." "And by that very token," I said, "it is clear that you did."

By the next mail I received answers to my inquiries. There was a Winter who had graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1874, but he was a tall man with light hair and a noted cricketer, whereas "the Winter of our discontent" was a short man with dark hair, not given to cricket.

Dr. Hunt replied that the Choral Fellows were taken in as Associates and not as the higher grade of Licentiates; therefore Winter had no right to wear the hood. When I confronted him with these facts he shrugged his shoulders and said, "N'importe, what shall I do?" I said, "You may wear the hood of the Choral Fellows, black serge with purple lining."

Next Sunday when he appeared with the choir, I didn't know him; he had close cropped his hair and turned up his mustache, a la Kaiser; this so altered his appearance, that all the eyes were turned on his head and no one noticed the change on his back. It is unnecessary to say that it was impossible to retain his services, and in the course of some months we let him depart, not before, however, his wife presented him with a daughter, on the night of Madam Christine Nilsson's concert, whom he induced to be the godmother, and honored me with being the godfather.

After he left here he went to live in Paris, where Mrs. Winter died and he administered the estate. Directly, or in-

directly, he must have been the cause of her death. Her two children disappeared, probably relegated to a French orphanage.

Now, here was a man who had lived for years in "the odor of anctity," "a regular communicant," according to the Churchly description. To all outward appearance he was a most reputable member of society, and yet, he was a bundle of deception, and his chief delight was in contriving circumstances either to gratify his vanity or enhance his notoriety.

He left his mark in a widely used music book, Hutchins' *Chant and Service Book*, and whenever we sing that Lesser Kyrie, No. 369, I ever put in a prayer for his soul, that the Lord will have mercy upon him, for it seems to me that he was possessed of a very demon.

It is a never ending source of wonder how easily the public is gulled. About some twenty years ago there came to Denver a man who called himself Hadyn Tilla. He announced that in traveling in Italy he had stayed at a monastery. One of the monks had kindly bestowed upon him a parchment of ancient date which he discovered in the Archives. This parchment revealed a valuable secret, which if possessed by any singer would enable him or her to produce the tone of any artist of that class which they selected.

Mr. Tilla advertised for pupils, undertaking for two hundred dollars to impart to them sufficient instruction to enable them to utilize the secret. He actually secured several aspirants. He advertised a concert at which his pupils were to display their marvellous powers. He secured the Baptist church. His wife, with less clothes on than the good Baptists could conscientiously countenance, played the accompaniments. He had provided a bouquet for each performer and vociferously applauded their wretched singing. The great secret which he imparted to them the night before was that they were to keep their mouths shut, and sing against their teeth!



Will it be believed, that in ten years he returned again, and again succeeded in cajoling many others to believe his preposterous story?

Some years ago Lord Herschell appeared here en voyage with his new wife. I had known something of him before he had arrived at the Woolsack, so he spent a day with me and I had the pleasure of taking him around to some of my legal friends and introducing them to the first Lord Chancellor who had ever visited our city, and had sat on the seat which Eldon and the great luminaries of the law had warmed.

Walking up Sixteenth Street we met a man whom his keen eye recognized. He seized my arm, and said, "Is it possible he's here? He was once a client of mine and I then said if he managed other people's business as he did his own, he must come to smash." He and his brother succeeded their father, who was a greatly trusted family solicitor. It was the habit in England for country gentlemen to leave the deeds of their estates, and other securities in the keeping of their lawyer. When the father died and the brothers came into possession of the business they "raised the wind" by using the securities of their clients, and when the end came their liabilities reached ten million dollars. Their delinquencies shook the London legal world to the foundations of their strong rooms. The man Lord Herschell saw was then keeping a servants' registry office in Denver. He had had a splendid house near Windsor, and Digby Johnson, another renegade lawyer to whom I shall presently refer at more length, and who being a prominent London solicitor was familiar with Lord Mayors' banquets and Livery dinners, told me that of all the banquets he had ever attended, a dinner given at this lawyer's house at Windsor beat them all. I used to visit his wife, an English lady, who, good woman that she was, had faithfully accompanied her husband in his degradation, but alas! like so many English people when thrown into impecunious circumstances, she had found herself utterly unable to do those elements

of housekeeping which servants had always performed for her, and in her one room she gradually deteriorated into dirt, hopelessness and misery.

It is very curious how true it is that an Englishman is like a cat with one trick. He is generally absolutely *au fait* with doing that to which he had been brought up, but he is a fish out of water if forced into any other occupation, and in nothing does he differ more from his American cousin than in his want of resource.

An English gentleman came out here to shoot an elk in our mountains. He engaged a hunter of my acquaintance to guide him into the forest. While the hunter was "fixing" the camp the Englishman took his gun, strolled out and lost his way. As the short twilight was ending, the guide was unable to track him and receiving no answer to his continual shouting, and firing of his rifle, there was nothing to do but wait for the morning light. During the night there was a slight fall of snow but the hunter was a first rate woodsman, and by the slight indentation where the snow covered his footsteps he traced him about a mile away, where he found him walking backwards and forwards under a tree. "It was a beastly night," was about all the remark he made. "But why didn't you light a fire?" asked the hunter, and the Englishman characteristically replied, "I didn't know how."

When they returned to Denver and he came to settle up, having paid the agreed upon sum he "passed across" an extra check with the laconic remark, "It was a beastly night."

Some twenty-five years ago a gentleman calling himself Digby Johnson made himself known to us. He had no disposition to hide his light under a bushel so we soon learned he had had a distinguished legal career in England which he had been compelled by epilepsy to forego. In the search for the equilibrium of his nerves he had taken a long sea voyage to Australia,



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE CHANCEL.  
THE LENGTH FROM THE CHANCEL STEPS TO THE  
DOOR IS 135 FEET—THERE ARE 90 PEWS.



where he had risen into significance by his public advocacy of the orthodox faith against the Robert Ingersoll of the antipodes. Of his victorious performance he exhibited many newspaper clippings. He was a very effective public speaker and soon took a foremost hand in what is known as Church work.

He intimated that as a barrister in England he had practiced on the Northern Circuit and was replete with tales and incidents with which such an experience would naturally supply him; but as we afterwards discovered him to be a superlative liar I refrain from repeating any of his extraordinary anecdotes of men and things. You could hardly mention a politician of note from Mr. Gladstone to the Radical Member for Bradford, Mr. Miall, of whom he would not say "I know him very well, very well, indeed." He similarly asserted his intimacy with one or two of the London legal lights with whom I had occasional correspondence, and sometimes I would mention in my letters the presence here of their acquaintance, Mr. Digby Johnson. On one occasion he casually remarked that he had filled the editorial chair of *The Evening Standard*. Happening to have one of the London editors on my list of friends I asked him to enquire of the *Standard* people if they had ever had an editor of that name, and he replied that no one connected with the paper could recollect him. So my suspicions grew. He became a candidate for Holy Orders and readily passed the examinations, and as Western Bishops are always short of clergy, Bishop Spalding was willing to ordain him. But I was uneasy, and the evening before his Ordination I went to his lodgings to have a heart to heart talk with him. He swept aside my objections with readiness and ease and I presented him the next day for Ordination. After that most solemn of ceremonies he came to me in the vestry, and with tears running down his cheeks he said, "Dean, it would have been impossible for you, knowing the great responsibility you kindly undertook in presenting me for

Holy Orders, not to have interviewed me as you did last night if you had the slightest suspicion of my rectitude."

His clerical career here was a marked success. He built a small and attractive church and its rectory. I happened that year to revisit Blackheath, and one of the leading city solicitors was good enough to ask half a dozen barristers of note to meet me at dinner. I turned to my host, "Do you mean to say you don't know Digby Johnson?" and mimicing his voice I said, "He knows you very well indeed, very well indeed," and half a dozen of the guests shouted out, "Learoyd!" and before I left for America one of them furnished me with some correspondence over that signature which at once established his identity. They gave him a character seldom equalled for unconscionable adroitness; he even became so hardened in duplicity that he wrote affidavits for his clients. In due time he was discovered and fled from arrest. His villainous career had driven his wife to an asylum; he nevertheless had married a clergyman's widow in Denver. Of course he was unfrocked. He went East, became a Universalist, an employee of Tammany, drifted back to San Francisco where he practiced law, was injured in the earthquake by a falling plank which brought on erysipelas—and so ended his tortuous career.

Twenty-five years ago bands of antelope were to be seen anywhere on the plains and I went down to the ranch of a friend some sixty miles to the East to try to get one. One afternoon a neighbor of some fifteen miles appeared. He turned out to be an English gentleman who had once been Master of the Hounds in Lincolnshire. I naturally abstained from treading on tender ground as to why his condition had become so strikingly altered; but he told me he was ranching and chiefly concerned in raising pigs. I afterward learned that his ranch house was not remarkable for order and cleanliness, and that he lay in bed not a little reading novels.

The following Christmas, one afternoon, the Sexton met me telling me that a body had arrived and my daughter had directed that the little coffin should be taken to the Chapel, whither I at once went, and sure enough there was a plain coffin made in the English fashion, and on the lid was written "Requiescat in pace." On unscrewing the lid there was a suckling pig lying on its back with its front legs tied together, and I remembered the promise of my friend, the Master of the Hounds, and substituted his gift for the universal turkey on Christmas Day.

A young Englishman appeared here, whom I shall call Mr. Ireland. He was a mauvais sujet, but with considerable intelligence, and a rich mother in London. He had done some dabbling in mines, more especially in mining stocks, and undertook to publish a mining journal, which he did with some success. He was a gentleman as far as his lineage was concerned. For some unaccountable reason he insisted on marrying an Irish widow with two children. Kate was a nice looking woman and worked hard over the wash-tub to maintain herself and her girls, but she was much his inferior in the social scale. After they were married it was impossible to say that their home was harmonious. I have even known Kate to spend the night on the vacant lot adjoining the cottage—I might say catapulted out of the house. There could be but one end to such disagreement, and Ireland turned his back upon the fight and departed; and as many another has done, she depended on me largely for support. Knowing the address and circumstances of his opulent mother, I suggested that Kate should go to Court and obtain an order for alimony against her faithless spouse. I was surprised how pretty she looked in Court; trimly dressed, a neat bonnet and spotted veil, she really looked quite attractive. The prosecuting attorney said, "Now, Mrs. Ireland, you say your husband deserted you last April, it is now November, who has

kept you all these months?" Instead of answering simply and naturally as she ought to have done, she turned to the Judge; "Must I answer that question, your Honor?" The Court rubbed his chin and looked out of the window, considering, and finally decided that she must; whereupon, with a slight hesitancy, she said, "Dean Hart," at which the Court burst into laughter, the Judge heartily joining.

I have remarked before in these Reminiscences how singular it is that a vein of interest seems to run through some lives—it was so in this case. We succeeded in getting something like a competency from London, and then Mrs. Ireland declined in health. Her figure became so enlarged that I asked one of our leading gynaecologists if he would try to discover what was the matter with her. He concluded that she had an ovarian tumor and recommended an operation as her only resort, which I had no little difficulty in persuading her to permit. I arranged for her to go to St. Luke's Hospital, and my friend kindly undertook to operate. When she was under the anaesthetic the surgeon went into the next room to get his sutures, which were steeping in alcohol; by some mischance the alcohol took fire and the surgeon was so severely burned about the face that he was hurried off to be treated. When Kate came out of the ether and found that she had not been operated on she said it was proof positive that Almighty God did not intend her to be cut into and she then and there got out of bed and dressed at once to leave the hospital, apparently perfectly well, having resumed her normal size. The only plausible explanation of what she called a miracle appeared to be that the frequent assurance that the operation would safely remove the tumor and she would be perfectly well had supplied that Suggestion which appears to have an almost omnipotent capability, and which, when she was under the ether and her will in abeyance, operated on the tumor and dispersed it.

In about a year's time Ireland returned to the city, saying



that his brother had died and left him a large ranch forty miles from Milwaukee; that if Kate would make it up they would go and live on the ranch and remain happy for the rest of their days. She was glad enough to go, but the day after their arrival he drove off with the only horse and buggy that the ranch possessed, leaving her and the children miles from anywhere. He has never been heard of since. His wife finally made her way to St. Paul, where she left her two children in an orphan asylum, and I regret to say she herself took to a disreputable life.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### *Incidents Psychological.*

It is impossible that a profession which deals mainly with the concerns of the Spiritual world should be altogether uninterested in matters and experiences which deal with the mysterious and psychic.

I was very thankful at the beginning of my life to have had an experience which convinced me that thought could be transferred. For it is this capability which explains whatever may be striking and remarkable in the revelations of a medium.

I was spending my long vacation at my home. There came to our town a conjurer, who called himself Banardo Eagle. He was a man of imposing presence. I well remember him, for their little child died during his stay, and I still see the sad procession going down the aisle of the solemn, cold Church. My father, attended by the Parish clerk, followed by the undertaker, carrying a small white coffin. The great conjurer, with his little weeping wife, bringing up the rear.

A part of his entertainment was a clairvoyant, whom he mesmerized on the platform, and then she appeared to be able to repeat anything which he had on his mind.

My uncle had a fishing box in one of the Yorkshire dales and I wrote to him, that at 9 o'clock next Tuesday night, he should be looking over his fly-book. When the hour arrived, I stood up in the audience and asked, what my uncle was at that time doing and where he was?

I was in the middle of the audience and the conjurer was standing near me. He put my question to the girl. She then

began to depict the scene as I saw it in my mind. A gentleman with a fresh face, gold spectacles, stand-up collar, blue neck-tie with white spots, sitting at a table with a red table-cloth with a white pattern, two silver fluted candle-sticks with wax candles. He was reading a book. "Tell us what the book is about," said her master. She hesitated. "Turn to the title page," he said. I inwardly laughed and said to myself, "There is no title page." And she taking the information out of my mind, said, "It is about fly-fishing." I then said, "Tell me where he is." Eagle, who was standing close to me, ten yards from the platform, said, "Will you tell me the name of the place, sir. I will stand here by you?" I replied, "Let us see if she can tell us independently," and I must say, to my great astonishment, she uttered "Pateley Bridge."

Here there could be no collusion, no one in the room, or in the town, knew where my uncle was. There could therefore be only one explanation, that the girl in the mesmeric state, was telepathically connected with my mind, and could read its prominent contents.

I have never found the communications of a medium which were true which could not be accounted for by telepathy. Such as for instance: One day, an old gentleman, who said he was a retired merchant from Philadelphia, and was staying in Denver, had come in contact with a medium whose revelations from the spiritual world had greatly perturbed him. He had been married twice, and both his wives had communicated with him, and presumably with each other. This was what troubled him. I questioned him closely as to the revelation, and I very soon convinced him that the medium was merely relating what was passing through his own mind; she had communicated not a single thing which was not known to him. He thanked me and went away quite relieved.

Two narratives decided me that mediums were not in communication with the unseen world, through their "controls."

The first is the experience of a devoted Spiritualist, Colonel J. S. Dryden, of San Diego. Here is his own narratal:

"In May, 1898, my son left home to enlist for the Philippine conflict, and the last we have seen or heard of him on the material plane was when he was separated from his brother at Bakersfield, Cal., now almost eight years ago. Since that time I have received thirty-six or thirty-seven different communications from the spirit world concerning him, and the strangely contradictory, uncertain and unsatisfactory nature of all, and the absurd character of some of the messages have aroused within me strange speculations as to the nature of spirit messages, and even serious doubts as to the reliability of either the spirits giving or the mediums receiving the messages.

"After exhausting the material sources of information, I turned with confidence to the spirit world, fully believing that if the boy had passed to that realm it would be known by some one and truthfully reported to me.

"Among the first, if not the first, messages received, was one not purporting to come from himself, but from some one speaking for him, that he had perished in a snow-slide in the Klondike. A few days later in a public circle, at the close of a Sunday service in a Spiritualist hall, one announcing himself as my father, who has been in spirit life fifty-four years, declared that he had brought the boy there with him, who was as yet unable to speak for himself, and gave a partial account of his transition, but not the snow-slide method at all. This seemed so authentic and rational that I felt satisfied with it and made no further inquiries for a time, when, judge of my surprise, to have father, or some one pretending to be he, deny that he ever gave such a communication in public or otherwise, and declare positively that he knew nothing as to the boy's whereabouts.

"Then followed communications of all kinds and descriptions, from public platforms, at circles and private sittings, in perhaps two or three instances unexpected and uncalled for.

"Two others placed him in the Klondike, one that he was digging gold and getting rich, and another that he was doing something else, and gave the name of the city where he could be reached. I wrote the postmaster there and no such person had ever been heard of there.

"Two others told of his tragic ending at Bakersfield, one that he had been murdered in or near the city, and the other that he had been killed by the cars a few miles north of the city. I wrote the coroner, public administrator, etc., but no such occurrences had taken place anywhere near the date alleged.

"Two others saw him lying on the seashore dead, where he had been washed ashore from a wreck, one near Manila, and the other one somewhere along the coast, away up in Alaska, or somewhere north of here.

"Another one claimed that he had deserted from the army and was somewhere in Africa. Another that he was in business in the Philippines and was making plenty of 'shiners.' Another one—or probably two others—that he was a sailor on merchantmen and on long voyages. Another, that he was mining in Arizona, but could give no post-office address, etc. Just about an equal number affirm positively that he is in the spirit life. In one instance, my own grandmother was represented as saying that she was with him when he passed out and cared for him in the new life. But my own father, mother, three brothers, five sisters, and three of my own children in spirit life, with all of whom—or someone representing them—I have communed, not one of them has seen him or knows of his whereabouts.

"This last is the most puzzling feature to me. It would seem that if the magnetic lines of kinship exist between the boy and myself, or any of the rest of us, he might be traced if yet in the form. In reference to many of the instances in which it was claimed that he was still in earth life, I have thought that the fact that he was a twin, that his brother is still in the body, and all the time thinking and pining over his brother's absence, may

be a partial explanation of some of them. They may be getting the magnetism confused. Altogether, it is a strange experience, and filled me with unpleasant reflections, and at times almost shaken my confidence in the phenomenal side of Spiritualism.

(It would take a San Francisco earthquake to 'shake' this Colonel.)

"San Diego, Jan. 29, 1906.

"P. S.—The 'latest dispatch' was yesterday, January 28—that he had been murdered by a native in the Philippines and his body thrown into a river, and that a sum of money could be obtained by investigation. I called upon the medium this morning, but not a hint could be obtained as to where to investigate, what he was doing, or anything about it."

*Ex uno disce omnes.*

For some years I was a member of the Psychic Society and interested myself in finding explanations for the many remarkable instances which came before the meetings, especially in cases which are known as Haunted Houses.

One of the established conclusions of scientific investigation so rife in the last century is the Conservation of Energy. Now, if it be true, that no force occurs without producing a result, the same vibrations of light and sound which affect the eye and the ear, must also leave their mark upon the walls of the room and the articles it contains.

This is more easily appreciated, if the modern theory of matter is correct. If ultimate atoms are little worlds of electrons in a high state of vibration, it is readily conceivable that the impingement of light and sound waves must, by altering the vibrations, register their effect. And why should it not be possible, under the proper set of conditions, for these sights and sounds to be again reproduced, as is in the case of the phonograph or the development of a photographic plate.

To illustrate: I have never myself seen, what is called a ghost, but I have met many persons who, if their testimony

could be credited, have had that privilege. A lady of my acquaintance said she was visiting in a house in Brighton. Passing along an upstairs passage one day, she saw a house-maid walking before her. She noticed how neatly she was dressed, in a white cotton dress with pink spots. The maid turned into a bedroom on the right of the passage and disappeared. She thought it was singular, that she did not hear the door open or close.

She spoke of her experience, and they immediately said, "Oh, then you have seen the supernumary." The sight of that servant in that passage was so common an occurrence, that they styled her the "Supernumary," their extra servant.

According to my theory, that house-maid had actually walked along that passage and for some reason, probably connected with some tragic event which happened in the bed-room into which she went, the vibrations of light by which she was made visible were indelibly impressed upon the surroundings; and when certain conditions were present, probably largely connected with the beholder, the sight was reproduced.

Generally, ghosts are connected with the shedding of blood. The sight of blood, which, of course, means the rays of light reflected from the blood had imparted to them certain peculiarities. Some people faint when they see blood; I well remember as a medical student the violent sensations which used to come over me when I first was present at an operation. I was intensely interested and knew what I might expect to see. Why, then, in spite of myself, should I have the greatest difficulty in watching the operation? I would beat my head against the wall to compel my eyes to remain steady and yet I would be obliged to leave the theatre.

I read of a case in Algiers of a photographer securing a window close by a stage on which three prisoners were to be beheaded. The first picture was excellent, the second was foggy

and the third was invisible. I have never had time to experiment in this direction, but it is worth investigating.

Any scientific man will believe anything, however miraculous, provided there is sufficient evidence to support it. All depends upon the quality and quantity of the evidence.

A psychic experience which strongly corroborates my supposition was related to me by a lady doctor long resident in Denver.

At the commencement of her medical career she attended the Woman's Hospital in Philadelphia. She found lodgings with a Mrs. Smith, the widow of a clergyman, who lived in a style of house common in Philadelphia. A staircase ascends on one side of the hall, crosses under a staircase window and ascends to the second story on the other side. At the top of the first flight was a bedroom whose door was reached by two or three steps. A person sitting on these steps could not be seen from the hall door. This room was assigned to the young student. It was in the autumn and the weather was sultry and warm. She was naturally nervous at beginning her life's work in a strange city. The house appeared noisy at night so that she hardly slept at all. Next night noises disturbed her, she heard people walking about. The next morning on coming down to breakfast she looked at her fellow lodgers and concluded that a sheepish-looking girl took some kind of drug and probably walked in her sleep. With the intention of catching the somnambulist, she sat in her dressing gown on the steps leading to her room. The moon shone through the staircase window so that anyone coming up the stairs would easily have been seen. About 12 o'clock she heard footsteps coming up the stairs and fully expected to see the girl she was watching for, but the footsteps passed along the level landing, up the steps on the other side, and there was a sound as if someone was trying one of the bedroom doors, and being unable to open it, the person returned down the stairs and passing



close to where she was sitting she heard the rustle of skirts by which she concluded that the unseen visitant was a woman. The hall door was then opened and closed, and there was silence for five minutes or more, then the hall door again opened and there was the sound of two people entering and ascending the stairs. Finding as before the door of the bedroom fastened there was a loud noise as of forcing the door open, and then by the shuffling of the feet it seemed they were carrying a heavy body into another room.

This sequence of sounds was repeated several times through the night when finally with the dawn my informant went to bed.

It afterwards transpired that Mrs. Smith had had a daughter afflicted with melancholia. It was the year when the Great Exhibition was held in Philadelphia and all the household except the mother and daughter had gone to watch one of the processions. The daughter retired early and about 10 o'clock Mrs. Smith went to her room to see if she was comfortable and asleep. Finding the door locked and receiving no answer to her knockings, she became frightened and went for the doctor, who lived in the next square. They both returned, forced open the door and found that the girl had cut her throat, and they carried her body into another room.

Now these sounds had actually occurred, and being registered in the surrounding walls, were emitted as from the disc of a phonograph upon the conjunction of a certain set of conditions in which the nervous temperament of the young student occupied a leading position.

On three occasions I asked my friend, the doctor, to relate to me her experience, and as she did so without any alteration of the details I concluded that she was narrating facts and not imaginations.

The Rev. Hugh Robinson was a Canon of York, a rifled cannon, as he used to describe himself, for when York was put

on the New Cathedral foundation the incomes of the Canons were greatly reduced; he was afterwards one of the four Public School Commissioners. It is evident that the Canon was a man of unusual attainments. He was of muscular build, and of a fearless nature.

When the flour mill at Burley, a village in my father's parish of which he was Vicar, was on fire, he was seen coming from the mill with a sack of flour under each arm. When he told me of the following experience I received it from such a man as a matter of fact.

His first Incumbency was Clun, in Staffordshire. He arrived with his bride one Saturday night. Most of the furniture was not yet unpacked, and the house more or less in disorder. As they were sitting in the drawing room after supper some one was heard walking along the corridor upstairs.

Of course, he went up to see who was the intruder. Finding no one, he came down again; and was again aroused by footsteps along the passage and a knock at the door. On bidding them enter no one responded. Before they retired the two servant girls came to ask if they might sleep in the village, for they, too, had heard uncanny knockings and every now and then the latch would rise and fall.

That night, just as the church clock struck two, they were both awakened by a sound in the drawing room below, as if some heavy metal had fallen upon the floor. Mr. Robinson, thinking that burglars had forced in the iron fastenings of the window shutters, went down to deal with the intruders, but he found everything undisturbed. These unaccountable noises were frequently to be heard.

One day Mrs. Robinson's sister came to pay them a visit. They agreed that they would not warn her of the disturbances. Sounded as if the chandelier in the drawing room had fallen. On coming down to breakfast the next morning, which was Sunday, she said, "Hugh, what was the sound which woke me? It

And why did you not come in when you knocked at my door and I told you to?"

A few mornings afterwards she asked why the Sexton should be digging a grave under her window all night. The Church yard lay between the Vicarage and the Church. "I heard him throwing the earth as the grave got deeper against the wall, and some of the pebbles fell back again." Of course, they said it was her imagination, but she insisted on going to look.

Now, according to my theory, all these noises had at some-time actually happened, and left their impress in the surrounding material; and every now and then a set of conditions occurred which caused them to be reproduced.

However, I am bound to relate a circumstance for which it would be difficult to find a place in my theory. The Vicar had a couple of Scotch terriers. If the noise had been occasioned by rats, or if even tricks had been played upon them by some of the villagers, nothing would have suited the terriers better than to have ferreted out the cause. Instead of which, whenever these noises occurred, the dogs lay in abject fear with water running from them, terrorized almost to death.

Another curious circumstance connected with the case was that the previous Vicar, a bad man, was unmolested. When Canon Robinson told me of this story, which was forty years ago, he said he believed they had had to pull down the house and build another.

Of course, there are some people who would account for these disturbances by supposing they were the work of a Spirit of Evil, and I do not think that this explanation is so improbable, as to be summarily dismissed. When we consider the smallness of this planet and the fewness and the transitoriness of its inhabitants, and that we must be in the midst of a spirit Universe populated by untold millions of personalities, the wonder is, not

that we are subject to spiritual interference, but that we so seldom have reason to suspect it.

People who are inclined to explain the Demonology of the New Testament by insanity, epilepsy and other nerval disorders, cannot be familiar with the history of savages or of the Oriental peoples, notably China—a country which is given over to Demonology and where Demon-possession is common. Instances of exorcising the Demons are to be found in the memoirs of any Missionary who has lived any length of time in China. Pertinent examples will be found in "Pastor Hsi," a well-known missionary book from which I quote. The Chinese called the Pastor "Conqueror of Demons," and as if in jeering retribution, the Adversary seized his wife:

"Suddenly, all was changed; and her very nature seemed changed, too. At first only moody and restless, she rapidly fell a prey to deep depression, alternating with painful excitement. Soon she could scarcely eat or sleep, and household duties were neglected. In spite of herself, and against her own will, she was tormented by constant suggestions of evil, while a horror as of some dread nightmare seemed to possess her. She was not ill in body, and certainly not deranged in mind. But try as she might to control her thoughts and actions, she seemed under the sway of some evil power against which resistance was of no avail.

Especially when the time came for daily worship, she was thrown into paroxysms of ungovernable rage. This distressed and amazed her as much as her husband, and at first she sought to restrain the violent antipathy she did not wish to feel. But little by little her will ceased to exert any power. She seemed carried quite out of herself, and in the seizures, which became frequent, would use language more terrible than anything she could ever have heard in her life. Sometimes she would rush into the room, like one insane, and violently break up the proceedings, or would fall insensible on the floor, writhing in convulsions that resembled epilepsy.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.  
FOUR OF THE EIGHT ARCHES VISIBLE.  
THE CHANCEL IS 50 FEET DEEP.



Recognizing these and other symptoms only too well, the excited neighbors gathered round, crying: "Did not we say so from the beginning! It is a doctrine of devils, and now the evil spirits have come upon her. Certainly he is reaping his reward."

The swing of the pendulum was complete, and in his trouble Hsi found no sympathy. There was not a man or woman in the village but believed that his wife was possessed by Evil Spirits, as a judgment upon his sin against the gods.

"A famous 'Conqueror of Demons,' " they cried. "Let us see what his faith can do now."

And for a time it seemed as though that faith could do nothing. This was the bitterest surprise of all. Local doctors were powerless, and all the treatment he could think of unavailing. But prayer; surely prayer would bring relief? Yet pray as he might the poor sufferer only grew worse. Exhausted by the violence of more frequent paroxysms, the strain began to tell seriously, and all her strength seemed ebbing away.

Then Hsi cast himself afresh upon God. This trouble, whatever it was, came from the great enemy of souls, and must yield to the power of Jesus. He called for a fast of three days and nights in his household, and gave himself to prayer. Weak in body, but strong in faith, he laid hold on the promises of God, and claimed complete deliverance. Then without hesitation he went to his distressed wife, and laying his hands upon her, in the name of Jesus, commanded the Evil Spirits to depart and torment her no more.

Then and there the change was wrought. To the astonishment of all except her husband, Mrs. Hsi was immediately delivered. Weak as she was, she realized that the trouble was conquered. And very soon the neighborhood realized it too.

The completeness of the cure was proved by after events. Mrs. Hsi never again suffered in this way. And so profoundly

was she impressed, that she forthwith declared herself a Christian and one with her husband in his life-work."

Another quotation gives a remarkable insight as to how Hsi's power depended upon his complete consecration. It concerns a young man named K'ong, who was a demoniac. In one of his paroxysms Hsi was sent for:

"Strangely enough, as soon as Hsi appeared, K'ong became suddenly quiet. His cries and struggles ceased, and the men who were holding him relaxed their efforts.

"He is well, he is well!" they cried. "The Spirit has departed."

Not satisfied with this, however, Hsi laid his hand upon the young man's head and prayed for him earnestly in the name of Jesus. The result was immediate and complete relief, and there seemed every reason to hope that the trouble was permanently conquered.

One of the missionaries present was much impressed with all that had taken place, and especially with the power attending Hsi's coming and his prayers. Having a sum of fifty dollars at his disposal, he brought it to him, saying:

"The expense of your work must be considerable, please accept this contribution, to be used as you think best."

Surprised and hardly realizing how much it was, Hsi took the silver, but had scarcely done so before he began to feel troubled. Fifty dollars seemed so large a sum, and it had come so suddenly. He had accepted it, too, without waiting to ask counsel of the Lord. Was it cupidity that had moved him? Had he fallen into a trap cunningly devised by the devil? The more he thought about it the more he felt uneasy. So, leaving the money with Mrs. Hsi for safekeeping, he went away alone to pray.

Hardly had he found a quiet place, however, before a messenger came hurriedly to seek him.



"Come quickly; the matter is serious," he cried, "K'ong is worse than ever. And we can do nothing."

Much distressed, Hsi returned to the scene of trouble; and the moment he entered the room K'ong pointed straight at him, shouting with fiendish triumph:

"You may come, but I fear you no longer! At first you seemed high as heaven, but now you are low, low down and small. You have no power to control me any more."

And the worst of it was, Hsi knew his words were true. He had no grip of faith or power in prayer, and felt distinctly that the money had robbed him of his strength. With shame and sorrow he turned away and went for the silver, followed by the mocking cries of the unhappy demoniac. Then, finding the donor, he openly returned the gift, confessing that the sudden possession of so large a sum had come between his soul and God.

With empty hands, but lightened heart, he now went back to the excited crowd. K'ong was still raving wildly, defying any power on earth to restrain him. But Hsi was in touch once more with his Master. Quietly, in the name of Jesus, he commanded the tormentor to be silent; and leave his miserable victim. Immediately, with a fearful cry, K'ong was thrown into convulsions, from which, however, he presently emerged, quiet and self-possessed, though much weakened for the time being.

This was to Hsi a deeply painful lesson, emphasizing afresh the all-important truth that, as he expressed it, "the ungrieved presence of the Holy Spirit is more to be desired, than abundance of gold and silver."

Mrs. Runcie, the wife of the late Rector of St. Joe, one of the most revered and saintly men I have ever met, was a niece of the celebrated Robert Dale Owen, who established the Colony at New Harmony, Indiana, of people who agreed with him, in living a Communal life. They were all Deists, and two or three generations grew up without even a sight of a Bible. Mrs.

Runcie has told us in her book, *"Divinely Led,"* how a Bible accidentally fell into her hands, its interest riveted her and she became converted.

She was greatly attached to her cousin, Rosa Dale Owen, and for twenty years she daily prayed for her, "Lord, give her light." They were together in New York, and one morning she accompanied Mrs. Runcie, for the sake of the morning walk, to the Early Sacrament at Dr. Houghton's Church—"The Little Church 'Round the Corner"—as it used to be called. She sat at the end of the long narrow Church. At the conclusion of the service Mrs. Runcie found that she had had some sort of a seizure. She managed to get her home, and she remained in a stupor for three days. When she came to herself the first thing she said was, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." The inestimable fact was new to her heart, but not to her intellect. She rose from her bed a convinced Christian. She was Confirmed by the late Bishop Seymour, on a Friday in Lent, and went back to New Harmony.

Of course, in all religious matters, she was a complete novice and knew not where to turn for instruction and guidance. One night she prayed desperately to her new-found Saviour, to know what to do, when she was answered by a voice, "Read Jeremiah, Third Chapter, Fifteenth Verse." She lit her lamp, and with trembling hands, sought for the Book of Jeremiah, of whose existence she was until then unaware. She found the Chapter, and read the verse, "I will give you Shepherds according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding."

Knowing no Shepherd but Bishop Seymour, she returned to New York and placed herself under his instruction.

Once again, one of the Owens, herself a devout Churchwoman, declared that it was a religious duty to fast. Rosa rebelled against what she considered dictation, although willing and anxious to do what was according to the will of God. Again in her perplexity she earnestly prayed for direction, and was

answered by the same voice, "Read the sixth verse of the fifty-eighth Chapter of Isaiah," where she found, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens?"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### *The Tractarian Movement.*

I was a boy when the Tractarian Movement electrified the Church.

The Tractarian Movement was a revival of that Sacerdotalism which has no place in the New Testament, or in the scheme of the Gospel, but is really an unhealthy growth which fattens upon the central sin of human nature—the pride of the heart of man. Ever since the third century, by which time the clerics had amalgamated themselves into a distinct order, they had been heading for distinction and power. The vast majority of people have no independent thought, much less any capability for independent research by which to establish their sentiments. Then we are all closely surrounded by the mysterious and the unseen, and we are all inevitably proceeding into the invisible world, so that anyone who asserts sufficiently that he has knowledge of the unseen life and has at his command processes which will assure safety in the unknown world, is sure to find a vast number of people to believe him.

These are the basic principles on which Sacerdotalism flourishes.

The assumptions of the priest, however, had become so preposterous in the seventeenth century that Europe, which now had access by printing to the only authority we possess on Spiritual matters—the Bible—discovered for itself that the pretensions of the clerics had no foundation or authority in the Word of God; and by a violent upheaval, which we called the Reformation, shook off the fungus of Sacerdotalism. But

Protestantism removing from the masses the imperative leadership they had been accustomed to inevitably left them to their own devices. It is far more easy to follow prescribed rules than it is to live by Principles, and the consequence was that in some decades of Protestant individualism all things connected with Church discipline had almost entirely lapsed; the Services themselves had become perfunctory and the spirituality of the masses had sunk to a low level of indifference.

The Tractarian Movement did for the Church what the war is doing for the nations—it compelled them to set God's House in order. It was time something happened. I knew a Church in our neighborhood in Yorkshire where the clergyman could not preach in the pulpit because the parson's hen was "sitting" in it! The cloths on the communion tables were moth-eaten and shabby; and many parishes had a rush-bearing Sunday, when they covered the aisles for a year with new rushes.

My father, and even I, myself, preached in a black gown, with bands.

But the Tractarian Movement, which of course was the old story of Sacerdotalism, finding a ready acceptance in the natural pride of the human heart, and offering something like "salvation by works," swept like an epidemic through the Church, and the ministrations of the clergy advanced bodily. Churchyards were trimmed, churches were cleaned, and although to preach in a surplice was looked upon with great suspicion as covering Popish doctrines, yet it gradually came to be adopted. Surpliced choirs were an attraction both to the congregation and the singers; Church ordinances began to look up, and a new life everywhere appeared. It is almost forgotten nowadays that stoles were then introduced, and to wear colored ones often created great searchings of heart.

As in all such movements there were plenty of extremists, who naturally brought disrepute upon their more sober leaders.

In my early days at Blackheath, before I was ordained, I

was a member of the choir of St. James', Hatcham, one of the typical ritualistic churches of London, but I soon found that the excessive adoration and mysterious movements which surrounded the altar did not affect the life of the servitors in the vestry, and I had proof of what I ought to have known—that external performances do not necessarily affect internal character, and all such performances ran the danger of satisfying the worshipper with their mechanical repetition, instead of using them as helps they became mainstays.

I often heard these things discussed by the leading clerics of our neighborhood. Dr. Pusey had built a church, St. Saviour's, Leeds, out of his private means, where the principles of the Tractarian Movement might be illustrated. The Vicar frequently visited my father, for whom he and everyone else had a great reverence, and I used to listen to my father's gentle reminder that Sacerdotalism was absent from the New Testament and that life was given through the Word and not through the Sacraments. And I remember well the tremor which passed through us when Newman and a few others went over to Rome after the Court of Arches had held, in the Gorham Judgment, that it was not the teaching of the Church of England that Baptism imparted eternal life.

The Tractarians professed their object to be the restoring to the Church of its "Catholic inheritance." The supposition on which the Roman system is founded is, that our Lord gave to St. Peter the power of Absolution and Consecration; they hold that he became Bishop of Rome and handed on these divine prerogatives to his successors, the Popes of Rome. The Pope consecrates the bishops and the bishops the priests, so the priests come by the same spiritual powers as St. Peter is presumed to have conveyed to the Popes.

But the New Testament and history supply no facts which support this theory. No list of the bishops of Rome record Peter as the first. The great ecclesiastical historians all differ

as to the length of his residence in the Eternal City and in the New Testament there is no hint that he held a pre-eminent position; moreover, he never assumed any superiority over his brethren.

St. James, who was not even an apostle, presided over the Council of Jerusalem at which St. Peter was present. St. Paul "withstood him to the face," which it is inconceivable that he would have done had the senior apostle been placed in a superior position by the Lord. And St. Peter himself, from the tone of his Epistles, evidently never supposed that he was endowed with supreme powers, least of all that he was commissioned to have handed them down to a successor.

But the Tractarian leaders appealed to the early Fathers and in them they sought to discover support for the theory of "the sacrifice of altar," and Dr. Pusey produced a list of quotations which appeared to prove his contention.

When Dean Burgon was at Oxford he, with everybody else, revered the eminent President of Magdalen, Dr. Routh, who died in his hundredth year. He was a prodigy of stored-up learning; and one day Burgon asked him what caution, from his vast store of learning, would he give to a student just beginning his career. The great man replied: "Sir, verify your quotations."

Dr. Pusey's catena of the Fathers sent many students to verify his quotations and none did so more thoroughly than Canon Vogan, whose book, "*The True Doctrine of the Eucharist*," I read and re-read, verifying his quotations as far as I was able. And I came to a conclusion which exactly tallied with the Didache, that the Fathers looked upon the *whole Service* as the Sacrifice and not the Offering of the Consecrated Elements, which view of the Eucharist is that of our Prayer Book, where we have the Sacrifice of three things: "Praise," "Our Bounden Duty," and "Ourselves." The doctrine of "The Real Presence," which is a main contention of the Neo-Catholics, is unknown to "The Fathers." What they held is well expressed by the martyrs,

Cranmer and Ridley, who both gave up their lives rather than admit anything approaching to the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Cranmer, in his reply to his inquisitor, Gardiner, said: "I say that Christ is but spiritually in the *ministration* of the Sacrament, and you say that he is but after a spiritual manner in the Sacrament." While Ridley is even more explicit: "The Body of Christ is communicated and given, not to the Bread and Wine, but to them which worthily do receive the Sacrament."

The reality of the Body of Christ, "which is the blessed company of all faithful people," has been obscured by Sacerdotalism, which has thrown the emphasis of the Body of Christ on to the Consecrated Elements and away from the mystical, but nevertheless actually Real Body of Christ, which the Holy Communion was intended to illustrate and intensify.

Thus, I was held to the evangelical position; and I have lived more and more to regret that the church has drifted away from the magnificent truth of the Brotherhood of Christians, their actual unity in the Body, which it was evident that the Lord instituted the Holy Communion to illustrate and to enforce. But, unfortunately, that pride and self-interest which early infested the Church at Corinth and drew down upon them St. Paul's censure, because they ate the Agape in cliques and did not "discern the Body," that is, they did not recognize that there was no distinction of rank in the Christian community, but that all were members of the same Body and therefore all interested in each other, this inoculation produced the disease of Sacerdotalism.

If this, the prime teaching of Christianity, had not been obscured, the world never would have been the shameful sight it presents today. Eighty-eight per cent of the population of this country on the edge of poverty, that is, if their daily income were stopped, they would be in actual want. Fifteen civilized nations killing each other and only two out of the thousand



millions of the heathen affected by that Gospel which our Lord committed to us to propagate.

The loss of this idea of "Holy Communion" was realized at the time of the Reformation, and to emphasize it the stone altars were removed by Order and Tables placed in their stead, which at the Communion time were carried in "The Body of the Church." This practice was continued in some churches down to the middle of the eighteenth century. By this provision the people were taught that the Table was the Lord's Table and the communicants His guests, and as such were on a par with each other and as members of the same household were closely concerned in each other's interests. But this truth became soon obscured by the innate selfishness of the human heart, and the Priests lauded it over God's heritage, and it may require the severe chastisement of the Lord, which seems to be falling upon Europe, before any part of this last truth is regained.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### *General Booth.*

Not a few attempts have been made to bring the Church back again to her communitive interest. In the time of Wesley she missed a very great opportunity as we all now agree; there was a disposition not to make a similar mistake, when the Salvation Army began its extraordinary career.

General Booth was twice my guest. In 1896 he told me that Archbishop Benson, Canon Wilkinson and Bishop Wescott had conference with him to see if it would not be possible to incorporate the Salvation Army as an agency within the Church. But the General weighed the efficacy of the Sacraments by the interest people took in them. He said: "I knew, but I fairly hated to ask him, for Canon Wilkinson was such a holy man, how many of his people at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, took advantage of the vital benefit, he asserted the Sacrament bestowed"; and he had to answer, about twenty. "Why," I said, "every single soldier of the Army attends 'knee-drill,'" and he argued that the result of united prayer as seen in the lives and self-sacrifice of the Salvationists showed conclusively that the Sacraments had been elevated to a wrong position in the Church; they had been expected to do that for which they never were intended.

I must say he was autocratic and rude, but any man who could bring into existence a scheme which would give an honorable livelihood to fifty thousand people and at the same time make each one of them a centre of doing good was worthy of every respect.

I have had two other members of his remarkable family under my roof. *The Marechale* was, as everybody knows, a most extraordinary woman. When she was the leader of the Salvation Army in France they say "she discovered the Soul of France," and literally worked marvels. But alas! how frail is human nature. Her autocratic father, evidently influenced by the jealousies of other officers, commanded her to leave France and go to Holland, when she was wholly unacquainted with the language whereas she was a perfect French scholar; and when she married Mr. Clibborn, who became infatuated with another extraordinary man, Mr. Dowie, the General cut her off, not only from his assistance, but apparently from his regard.

His son-in-law, Booth Tucker, was an English gentleman, the very antipodes of the General. He had been a magistrate in India, and being convinced that Christianity could never make any headway in the way it was being preached, gave up his position, and even his private fortune of £10,000, and lived and dressed as a native and preached the Gospel. He was several times imprisoned, but lived to have bestowed upon him the highest honor in the gift of the Indian government, the medal, "Kaiser-in-Ind."

When he was over here he established in southern Colorado a colony to relieve the destitution in Chicago, expecting to induce men with their wives to go to farm the land under the direction of an experienced farmer. When he broached his scheme to the General in England he cabled him to come and consult me, which I took as a very great compliment, considering that I had told the General some very plain truths about his behavior.

Of course, the colony failed, not only because the land was alkali, but chiefly because the same loose screw which let down the man to a position of helplessness kept him from giving that energy and continued perseverance which are essential to a successful farmer.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### *Matters Electrical.*

I suppose that every man looks back upon the assumptions of his youth with something like humiliation. When I was twenty-one I was mathematical master, I should have been called in this country a professor, in one of the five Irish Royal Schools, Foyle College, Londonderry.

It is true I had obtained some mathematical honors at the University, which probably was the reason of my appointment. I was reading for a degree in natural and experimental science and was therefore concerned in all electrical matters. My taste in this direction was not a little gratified by the General Superintendent of the telegraph of the railway.

Telegraphic science was then much concerned with the new Atlantic cable. It will be remembered that after the first message the cable declined to transmit any further current. I wrote a letter to the Londonderry *Sentinel* describing what I considered the probable defect and suggested a remedy.

I do not suppose that the leaders of that great enterprise ever saw my youthful intrusion into their domain, but it was no little gratification to me to find that the next and successful cable was constructed upon the methods I suggested, and it gave me no little confidence that I had truly grasped some of the principles of electrical science.

In 1878 I had a cottage in Guernsey, where for the health of the children we spent one or two summers. I once took with me a little portable telephone. It was no bigger than one of the wooden bell-pushes we have on our doors. Its interior was

of course an electro-magnet, acting on a limp iron plate, as we have it today. It was only a toy and who would have thought from that seedling the forest of telephonic communication would have spread?

I took it to Government House and connected two rooms. The Governor listened at one end while his son sang to him in the other 'phone:

Old Obadiah said to young Obadiah,

I am dry, I am dry;

And the young Obadiah said to old Obadiah,

So am I, so am I.

More than fifty years ago I used to frequent the Polytechnic in London. Professor Pepper was then the scientific lecturer. One day I was in his laboratory and he had a glass globe exactly like one of our incandescent lamps.

Through the glass had been fused two platinum wires, the little globe had been exhausted of its gaseous contents. It was in fact a Geissler tube. On passing a current of high tension the lamp became suffused with light. Putting it into my hand, the professor said: "That is the light of the future"; and with some modifications so it has become.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### *The Destruction of the Old Cathedral.*

A miscreant set fire to the Old Cathedral on Friday night, May 15, 1903. We suppose he allowed a candle to burn down to some inflammable material placed in the chapel organ. The flames soon found their way up the wind ducts to the great organ immediately above which was ablaze in a trice, and so set fire to the roof. Nothing but the roof indeed burned. All the windows were saved except the East window, which was nearest the organ, and to our unspeakable grief we watched it melt. By warning the firemen not to allow any water to go on the hot glass the rest were all preserved and now fill the thirteen windows of the chancel of the New Cathedral.

We collected \$66,000 of the insurance company, sold the site for \$30,000, and after much debate purchased the block opposite Wolfe Hall, on which we built a Chapter House to accommodate some of our congregation. We invited eight architects, to whom we paid \$150 each, to supply us with designs; ten others also competed. Tracy and Swartwout of New York presented a design for an elaborate Gothic Cathedral. It was our intention to build the nave which would do duty for a present church, on which we might venture to spend \$125,000. At a glance I concluded that the Nave of this design could not possibly be built within our means. However, the Bishop was so insistent on our attempting it, and the architects declaring that by simplifying much of its ornamentation it might be brought within sight of the sum we proposed to spend that we accepted the design.



THE NAVE OF THE CATHEDRAL.  
THE GABLE AT THE EAST END IS THE ORGAN CHAMBER.





The getting out of the working plans, even for the Nave, was no small undertaking, and when a year had passed we became restive, and being anxious to do something towards the building the architects suggested that we should lay down the foundations. In their design heavy buttresses ran up to the roof, bearing its weight. There were eight bays, and the sixteen pillars inside were more for architectural effect, only bearing their own weight and that of the ceiling, so that the foundations for these piers were comparatively small. When the designs were submitted for bids, the least bid was \$300,000—a sum far beyond our reach. The architects then begged to be allowed to design a simpler Gothic structure to fit the same foundations, and they produced this very dignified and satisfactory drawing, entirely changing the construction; the weight of the roof was borne by the piers—each one supports 200 tons of masonry—whereas the aisle walls only supported themselves. In altering the construction the architects did not sufficiently consider whether the original foundations of the piers would be sufficient to carry the extra weight; the consequence was, when the building had reached the gutters of the roof, I found on September 5, 1909, that one of the pillars had cracked. The whole structure had to be taken down, larger foundations constructed, and the fabric re-erected at a loss to us of \$30,000. For seven years we worshipped in the Chapter House; and as each one of the 500 chairs belonged to somebody, 100 being utilized by the choir and the Wolfe Hall girls, no strangers could be seated, and our congregation over 400 had to locate themselves in other Churches, so that in reality this small handful of devoted Churchmen built the Cathedral, which was finished without further mishap and on November 5, 1911, we held in it our first Service.

The stone is Indiana Oölite limestone from the Bedford quarries, and is geologically the same strata as that of which York Minster is built. The roof is fortified cement and even harder than the stone, and is sixty-five feet from the floor, five

feet higher than Worcester Cathedral in England; and between the pillars it is thirty-four feet, a yard wider than Westminster Abbey. The length of the church is 185 feet.

The two front towers are 100 feet high. The great tenor bell occupies alone the East tower, and the other fourteen are hung on iron girders in the other. The tenor bell can be swung; the rest are stationary.

At "the crossing," where some day the great tower will rise 200 feet—as high as the lantern tower of York Minster—we built a Romanesque chancel in order to furnish it with the windows we had saved from the Old Cathedral.

The Reredos, which is unique, represents the chief personages through whom we have received the Bible. The central figure is Giotto's Christ. His right hand is raised in Blessing, his left hand holds the Book. On the "north" side are eight Old Testament saints; on the other side are figures of Jerome, who gave us the Vulgate; Erasmus, who edited the Greek New Testament; Wyclif, the translator of the Saxon Bible; Tyndale, the inimitable translator; and Cranmer, by whose authority the Bible was delivered to the English people. All these beautiful figures were carved in oak by Josef Mayr, who for so long personified the Christus in the Oberammergau Passion Play. The front of the Holy Table is an exquisite carving by Peter Rendl Mayr's son-in-law, of Giebert's "Last Supper."

When I was at the Pan-Anglican Conference in 1908, happening to know Dean Wace of Canterbury and Dean Robinson of Westminster Abbey, I asked them to give me pieces of stone from their celebrated churches; and as a new flying buttress was being placed in Westminster Abbey, the Master Builder very kindly had a piece of the old buttress cut into a portable shape, and I sent it over, together with the square stone from the foundation of Canterbury. These mementoes are imbedded in the walls of the vestibule—links in "The Church's One Foundation."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### *The Bells.*

One morning I met Mr. George Schleier on the street. He told me he wished to present the Cathedral with a peal of bells and he gave me a *carte blanche* to get the best I could. I immediately began to collect the experience of all the bell authorities I could reach, and among others I wrote to my friend, Canon Teignmouth Shore, asking him to make some inquiries of the habitués of the Athenaeum, in which Club you are apt to find the best of artistic knowledge. He wrote back to me that when at Homburg, where he used to go for the Baths every season, everybody had been struck with the sweetness and purity of tone of a peal of bells which had been presented to the church. He found out for me that they were cast by Edelbrock and Co., at Gescher, in Westphalia. I learnt that that firm had been casting bells in the same place for four hundred years, and I very reasonably concluded that if four hundred years of experience had not perfected their methods I should not know where to look for perfection. After consulting many authorities I finally ordered fifteen bells; a peal of twelve descending in the scale of E flat, and by adding three notes, A, E. and F sharp, we can play almost any tune.

The bells were completed, and I went over to Gescher to inspect them. They were all in perfect tune as they came from their moulds, that is, they were "maiden" bells, but because I was ignorant of the fact that our B flat is not the same in German, I found the tenor bell, which weighs four and a half tons, was half a note too sharp; and as the fault lay in my

ignorance, I paid \$500 to have it recast. The total cost of the bells was \$13,000.

Everybody knows that bells are inscribed, generally, with doggerel rhymes. Here are some specimens:

"I to the Church the living call  
And to the grave do summon all."

The fourth bell at St. John's, Coventry, declares:

"I ring at six to let men know  
When to and from their work to go."

At All Saints', Northampton, the treble bell boasts:

"I mean it to be understood,  
That though I'm little, yet I'm good."

A Knaresborough bell (1777) is self-confident:

"If you have a judicious ear,  
You'll own my note is sweet and clear."

Many of them perpetuate the generosity of their donors. At Bentley on one is recorded:

"John Eyer gave twenty pound,  
To mech mee of losty sound."

At Bugbrooke, Northampton:

"Kind benefactor, unto thee  
My note shall sound your piety."

At Calne:

"Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell  
Of well disposed people as I do you tell."

But it is almost inexcusable that recent times could not produce better inscriptions than these:

Calne (1848):

"I call the living, mourn the dead,  
I tell when year and day are fled;  
For grief and joy, for prayer and praise,  
To Him my tuneful voice I raise";

and at Picton, the fame of one of the leading bell-founders in England, Taylor, of Loughborough, is perpetuated in this doggerel:

“Re-cast by John Taylor and Son,  
Who the best prize for Church bells won,  
At the great EX-I-BI-TION  
IN L O N D O N. 1, 8, 5 & 1.”

For our bells the following inscriptions were finally decided upon. There not being room for any couplets on the five smallest bells, on the face of each is printed:

First bell: In the Name of,  
Second bell: The Father,  
Third bell: And of the Son,  
Fourth bell: And of the Holy Ghost,  
Fifth bell: Amen.

The intention being to allow the bells to speak the various purposes of their use, each one of the lower ten bells declares one of the services.

Sixth bell: To worship God, in Spirit, Truth and Fear,  
With ringing peal we summon people here.

Seventh bell: On this Cathedral Church may God's peace  
rest,  
May all who come to worship here be blest.

Eighth bell: We strike the Hours, which bear man to his  
doom,  
And warn him to be ready for the tomb.

Ninth bell: From tower high we sight the rising sun,  
And in God's Name proclaim the Day begun.

Tenth bell: We bless in God's great Name this Denver  
town,  
Beseeching Him its life and work to crown.

- Eleventh bell: We thrill with joyous peal the wedding-day,  
And on the happy pair God's blessings pray.
- Twelfth bell: Our "Passing-bell" bids all the neighbors  
pray,  
That into God's care the Soul may pass away.
- Thirteenth bell: We flood the air with melodies divine,  
To fill men's hearts with thoughts of Thee  
and Thine.
- Fourteenth bell: With note of prayer we close the eventide,  
"The darkness deepens, Lord with us abide."
- Fifteenth bell: Our donor's praise we chime with sweet  
accord;  
"To him and his grant light perpetual, Lord."

These couplets run around the top of the bells between two belts of ornamentation. On the face of the last three bells are the inscriptions:

- Thirteenth bell: H. Martyn Hart, D.D., Dean.
- Fourteenth bell: Charles Sanford Olmsted, D.D., Bishop.
- Fifteenth bell: This peal of fifteen bells was presented to St. John's Cathedral, Denver, Colo., by George C. Schleier. 1905.

We first built a campanile of wood, from which they were transferred to the towers of the Cathedral, where they hang an honor and a joy to the city and an everlasting memorial to the generosity of Mr. Schleier.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### *The Career of Higher Criticism.*

I have reserved for the last chapter what I believe to be the most serious experience of my life—the inroad of Higher Criticism.

In 1750 Astruc, a French Court physician, noticed, what every casual reader has observed, that in the early chapters of Genesis we find the Deity called by two names—Jehovah and Elohim. Astruc accounted for this upon the supposition that two writers were concerned in the production of the book and that some later hand had edited their remains; one of them was in the habit of styling the Deity Jehovah, and the other Elohim. This, baldly stated, is the foundation of Higher Criticism.

In this century this style of criticism has been carried to extraordinary lengths, and especially by German students. Wellhausen, one of the most distinguished of the group, considered that he could detect throughout the Pentateuch the handiwork of twenty-two historians. Everybody knows how this mode of handling the Word of God spread over Christendom until very few pulpits were entirely free from its virus. Men of light calibre, of which of course there were not a few, thought it gave them a reputation for learning to deal after this manner with some of its questions, and so the foundations of the simple faith of our forefathers became honeycombed with doubt.

In 1882 Cassell, Petter & Galpin, the great publishing firm in London, persuaded Ellicott, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, to undertake the editorship of a commentary of the Bible. He engaged a notable corps of the most learned theolo-

gians of his time, and they produced in eight volumes a Commentary of the Old and New Testaments, and I have never found, in a wide range of reading, any real difficulties which are not reasonably resolved in their notes appended to the text. The firm was good enough to present me with one of the earlier copies of the work, and after all these years in which we have seen the Bible handled with the utmost freedom, and even roughness, I still find in Ellicott's Commentary a sufficient explanation of scientific, historical and moral difficulties, which with our present state of knowledge would satisfy any reasonable student.

I have invariably refrained from airing a doubt in the pulpit. A preacher may easily ask a question which in the brief time custom allots to his sermon it would be impossible conclusively to answer, and in the minds of many of his hearers he must leave a rankling doubt. There is so much of positive information and unquestioned revelation concerning "the things which accompany salvation" that it is folly supreme to tamper with the dubious and the immaterial.

I have always considered that it was an easier act of belief to credit that the Almighty Father would communicate with his Children than that He should not do so. To believe that the Creator would call into existence Beings so equipped as to be capable of holding communication with the Spiritual world about them, and then not give them any revelation to guide them in a world filled with perplexity, seems to me more than improbable; and that if He did give any such communication it must have been couched in such terms that any of the most ordinary of the Intelligencies he had created could comprehend it. Therefore I have always believed that common sense persistently applied would reveal the meaning of the communication committed to the conveyance of language and symbolism, which of course was subject to the changes of centuries but which it was within the province of research to reveal in its primitive condition.

The Moasic account of Creation I look upon as placed in



the opening of the Bible as an evidence that the character of the volume was a revelation from the Higher world. The account is so exactly what Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis would suggest to a person who had some opportunity of beholding six phases of the process of Creation from varying points of sight, that it would have been an impossibility for Moses to have described them by any human conclusion of experience and investigation at that period of the world's history. It has only been within the last hundred years that Geology has come into existence and given us some probable idea of the condensation of the Solar System from the nebulous cloud, and the history of the planet Earth from Azoic times until the appearance of man. It is incredible that Moses could of himself, that is, from the experience of his times, have written the account. The only possible explanation is that as a Seer he was permitted to receive the information. The rest of the Book of Genesis is a compilation of documents which we now know it was within the capability of the earliest generations to inscribe on clay tablets. Each of these documents commences with the heading: "This is the generation of," or this is the history of.

Astruc's supposition never appealed to me as being reasonable that the Hebrews used various names for the Deity casually and without definite intention, because they were a people who always exhibited their inclination to write history in nomenclature. How frequently does the phrase occur, "therefore the name of that place was so and so," implying that the history of the event was folded up in the name given to the place. Neither would it be likely with a people who loved genealogies and their connection with the past, that the names of the writers of their sacred books would have been wholly forgotten; and those historians who are known to modern critics by capital letters—J. E., etc.—would somewhere have had their names handed down. With what I may call these canons of criticism in my mind for my guidance, I turn to the volume of the Book for some indica-

tion why the Deity was called "Jehovah" 7,600 times, and 2,500 times "Elohim", and 250 times "EL", and I very soon reach the conclusion which is amply satisfactory to myself, at any rate, that the Hebrews used these names for certain distinctive characteristics of the Almighty which the context of their use clearly justifies.

Words are but counters which carry values which the generation using them chooses to impose. Everyone remembers cases of words which have greatly altered their meaning since Elizabethan times, and the only means we have of understanding what the people who used them meant by them is by weighing the meaning of the sentences in which they occur.

Take, for example, the important word Jehovah. Its first use is by Eve at the birth of Cain. When she saw the first baby born into the world she could not have said, as the Authorized Version presumes, "I have gotten a man from Jehovah," and still more unlikely did she say as the Revised Version has it, "I have gotten a man with the help of Jehovah"; what she did say was, "I have gotten a man 'eth' Jehovah"—"eth" meaning "even," because her mind was full of one idea. The solitary light in the sky for her was that her Seed should overcome their Enemy, the Serpent, and restore them once more to the happiness of the Paradise they had lost. How she came by the word of course we do not know, because we are not informed of how much cosmic knowledge our first parents were furnished with for the purposes of their mundane existence, but seeing that the genus man is not equipped with instincts, he must have had imparted to him in the first instance some knowledge to fit him for his inexperienced position. Let her have come by the word as she may, that she meant that her infant was to be her Deliverer, her Saviour, her Redeemer, is evident enough; and that the early peoples attached this meaning to Jehovah is indicated in the sixth chapter of Exodus, where Moses is stating his objections to accepting the Divine commission to lead his people out of

Egypt, he confesses himself at a loss by what name to refer to the great Personality who had sent him. He is told to inform the people he is a messenger from Jehovah, and then is stated the reason for what may have been an unexpected use of the word: "By my Name Jehovah I was not known unto Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but by my Name El Shaddai," which of course means to say that the Patriarchs needed no rescue nor Redemption, all they wanted was protection since they were feeding their flocks in an already occupied country, so God revealed Himself to Abraham as "I am thy shield." But now the children of Israel were slaves under the Egyptian power and they could only be liberated by a stronger power who would then become their Redeemer or Saviour, and this they understood by the word Jehovah.

Of course, we know that "Jehovah" is a word produced by a Jewish monk in 1515, who supplied to the four consonants J. H. V. H. the vowels of the name Adonai—the word for Lord in social use; the actual pronunciation or spelling of the incommunicable Name we do not know, the higher critics seem to think it might have been Yahveh.

In determinately following out this assumption vast time, patience and erudition have been expended, especially by German students, in dissecting our present Record and apportioning its parts to these various writers. For example, the narrative of the Noachian Deluge is said to be the combination by some later hand of two earlier records, one by E. and the other by J. or P.—the Priestly narrator—but on examination it appears that Jehovah and Elohim are used discriminately, the one seven times and the other thirteen. Wherever Jehovah is used there is present the idea of salvation. Here are the seven cases where God discovers Himself as the preserver of Noah: "Jehovah said unto Noah"—"Jehovah commanded him"—"Jehovah shut him in"—"Noah builded an altar unto Jehovah"—"Jehovah smelled a sweet savor"—"Jehovah said in his heart"—"Noah said,

Blessed be Jehovah Elohim of Shem." In the other thirteen cases where Elohim is used and translated God, the reference is to God's power over nature—His presence on the earth.

Of course, there are numerous difficulties in the Bible and some of them still wait for solution, but I believe that if we could arrive at the original words used by the Inspired Writers we should find they invariably express Truth. Not that I would accept verbal Inspiration, but it stands to reason that if the Almighty Father chose to communicate with his Children through a human medium, He would at least take care that while He left the Inspired Writer to express the sentiment in his own language, He would see to it that no wrong word was used and that succeeding generations should receive the revelation unimpaired.

The extraordinary instance of the writers of the New Testament being prevented from once using the title Priest for the officials of the New Testament has been already referred to. St. Peter indeed exactly states the process of Inspiration when he says, "That no prophecy of Scripture is of any private interpretation"; the word for "private" here is in seventy-seven other places rendered by "his own." The Apostle therefore means that no Inspired person can explain Scripture by his own mental power, but to explain it, one needs the same illumination of the Holy Spirit by which it was originated—"No prophecy of Scripture is of the prophet's own elucidation. For inspiration came not in old time by the will of man: but Holy men of God spake as they were borne along by the Holy Ghost."

When reasonably considered, no other plan than this could be adopted. The Divine Being could only communicate to men who were qualified to receive the communication, that is, to Spiritually-sensed men, and these men composed the Church—the people who are walking not by sight but by Faith, who live not after the Flesh but by the Spirit.

We frequently hear the "Catholics" declaring that inas-

much as the Church existed before the Bible that therefore the authority of the Church is superior to that of the Bible and the Church must be the interpreter of the Bible. The truth is that the Church is the receiver of the communication—there could be no other. The Church is to the Bible what the bottle is to the wine. Of course it is possible to get the wine without the bottle by going to the winefat, into which the grapes were originally squeezed, but in the vast majority of cases the bottle is an essential to the conveying of the wine.

There are 30,000 promises in the Bible, most of them connected with the future. Now, the value of a promise is entirely measured by the probity of the promiser and his capability of performing his words. To throw a doubt on any portion of the Inspiration of the Bible and its absolute Truth, is to weaken, if not to annul, the promises. I have, therefore, ever considered that the main object of a Preacher should be to assert and reassert the unimpeachable truth of the Word of God, and to clear away those evident misunderstandings which are necessarily due to the transference of the Divine Message from one language into another and from one age to another. This may well be done without awakening any doubts in the minds of the congregation; and if a minister of the Gospel will studiously confine himself to teaching and preaching the Word of God, he will always find plenty of ready hearers, and because of their number his Church will flourish and the Spirituality of his people will deepen.

For giving me "the Grace of perseverance" to do this, rather than being attracted by transient matters of passing interest, I "thank God and take courage."

To this mode of preaching I wholly ascribe what some people are good enough to call my long success.





11. B.  
2. P.









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